The National Sex News Magazine

OCTOBER $1.95

cheri

02681®

My Bust: Honeysuckle Divine vs. The Law

Mindblowing article!
Unbelievable pictures!

Republicans Facing Hooker Rebellion

Why KC's Whores Are Fighting Back

Great American Glory Holes

Anonymous Sex In Sleazy Latrines

This Is Me: Monfort Lane

Is she a truckstop tricker?

Dallas' Monumental Massage Queen

New Faces, Old Revolution: Three Profiles

Cartoonist Rand Holmes
Sex Surrogate Chuck Huffman
Fetish fantasist Camilla

Liberated Superstars Turn You On

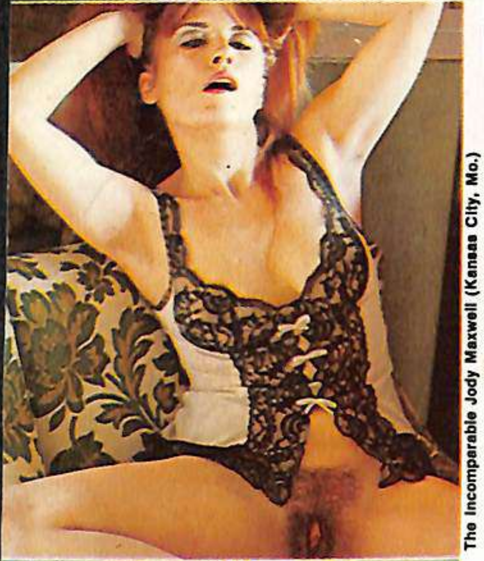
Annie Sprinkles' Switcho-Chango
Terry's Trial By Torture
Jody Watches Goldstein Burn
Liz Buys A Boy

Comics by Wally Wood, Barney Steel & Peter Bramley

Plus

- **Nosesex**
- **Fists**

The Daredevil Kim Pope (New York)


The Incomparable Jody Maxwell (Kansas City, Mo.)

The Incredible Renee Rousseau (Puckamin, N.J.)

The Unbelievable Honeysuckle Divine (Washington, D.C.)

columns by liberated women

the cheri orchard

for liberated men

PLUCK OUR CHERRIES!

Don't miss our incredible bushel of beautiful Cheri columnists who write their Cheri-pickin' hearts out just for you. For the first time **anywhere** we bring you Real Women writing Real sexual experiences . . . there are no ghoul-hearted ghost writers behind our Cheri Orchard Orgi-ettes, so read every word every month, from:

cheri magazine
208 E. 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10017
Attention: Subscription Dept.
Enclosed is $19.50. Please begin my one year subscription to CHERI MAGAZINE.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ____________________ State __________ Zip __________

The Sybaritic Miss Maureen Murphy (Hollywood, Calif.)

The Indomitable Mistress Roseanne (New York)

The Domitable Ms. Terry Kolb (Los Angeles)

The Available Audrey Andrews (New York)

PETER WOLFF
Editor

HERB JONAS
Executive Art Director

ROBERTA FEATHER
Managing Editor

EDGAR RICHARDS
Circulation Director

NICK MAYLEAS
Associate Art Director

DEREK ATKINS
DIANA HAWKINS
Associate Editors

PETER HURD
Photo Editor

KIM POPE
JODY MAXWELL
BOB AMSEL
AUDREY ANDREWS
ZOOT CONNORS
RIC DANTE
ELIZABETH DEAN
HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE
ALLAN EARLE
MARY MITCHELL GRANT
VICTORIA HALPERIN
TERRY KOLB
MISTRESS ROSEANNE
RENE MONCADA
ROBERTO MORRISON
MAUREEN MURPHY
MARSHALL ROGERS
RENEE ROUSSEAU
ROBIN SCHWARTZ
JIM SMITH
TELLY TALL
Contributing Editors

CHERI is published monthly by Cheri Publications, Inc., 208 E. 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Copyright © 1976 by Cheri Publications, Inc. Price: $1.95 per issue; subscription rate $19.50 per year in U.S.A. and possessions. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to CHERI will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to CHERI's right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict the actual conduct or pesonalities of the models.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3 OCTOBER 1976

cheri

MY GOOD MAN... PORNOGRAPHY IS MERELY A CONCEPT WHICH EXISTS WITHIN YOUR CRETINOUS MIND... AAAGGH!

4 OUR GANG
The mad, bad bunch that bangs us out.

6 AMERICHERI
"Honeysuckle" Ross, American patriot, 86'ed by whores; Deepest fist yet; Great American Tits, Dallas-style; Diarrhea on the Silver Screen; Mary, Mary goes down, goes down; Rene's babytwat; the old straw-up-the-wazoo bit.

15 THIS IS ME: MONFORT LANE

20 BALLING FOR BUCKS ON THE BIBLE BELT
Jody Maxwell talks to KC's heaviest hooker-libber.

23 THE CHERI ORCHARD
Jody watches witches burn Goldstein; Liz sells tickets; Terry gets savaged; Roseanne disciplines; Audrey swaps; Renee scores; Maureen, well. . . .

31 MY BUST by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE
Why would anybody want to bust this delicate blossom?

40 THE RELUCTANT RAPIST
He schlepped his way right up her tubes.

43 A GIRL
Two boobs, a cunt, and a few words of reproach.

54 NEW SHOES
Bascome's bootery will put muscle in your hustle.

59 THE NEWEST PROFESSION
Chuck Huffman gets paid to make women come.

63 FETISHDOM'S FAVORITE SURROGATE The beauteous Camilla will fulfill your kinkiest fantasy—by mail!

66 WHO IS RAND HOLMES?
A rare interview with *the* comic genius of the Seventies.

79 GREAT AMERICAN GLORY HOLES
A baedecker of toiletseat trickstops.

90 VINNIE SHINBLIND KICKS SHIT (Comics)
The invisible sex maniac ges some C/W nookie.

95 FROGMAN (Comics)
Macho adventures by Barney Steel.

OUR GANG

A lot of people are asking us why we ran those photos of Liz Ray that appeared in our pages last month.

In one recent interview, a Mr. Flynt of *Hustler* magazine said that yours truly was "full of s---" and accused CHERI of running the Ray pictures strictly for their publicity value. He announced that *Hustler*'s use of the shots was socially motivated, being an attempt to expose hypocrisy in Washington. How do nude pictures of a secretary-sexmate help to expose hypocrisy?

Well, I'm not going to deny that there's a certain amount of publicity value in running nudes of a headliner celebrity. But it's not really the issue here at CHERI. Nor is the sex life of politicians the issue. Politics is just a kinky form of sex anyway. We always suspected those guys in Washington were just as sex-mad as we were. But the real issue concerns the subculture of which CHERI and Liz Ray and Wilbur Mills and the rest are part. We are a conglommerate of magazines and films and massage parlors and strip shows and, most of all, johns. Middle-class America would have you believe that we are a small, fringe community of kooks, fiends, hippies, sickies, flashers, mashers, undesirables, and unfuckables. But we know who we are. We are professors and cops and judges and senators and movie stars and bankers and salesmen. We buy pussy. Let's face it, there isn't a stripper or hookers alive who hasn't had some sort of sexual contact with a politician or power broker. And while the heavies tolerate our presence, allowing us to exist on the run, badgered and tormented by their laws and logic, they are also the first in line to take advantage of our particular services.

Supreme Court nominees, right-wing generals, Red-baiting preachers, Congressman and presidents. All given to self-righteousness and indignation, to purification and repression. Yet all *also* driven by uncontrollable lusts which forced them out of their closets, kicking and screaming.

Wilbur Mills held a nation in his grasp—but bartered his power for a stripper's pussy and a cask of white lightning. Liz Ray lived in Washington and knew the shakers and makers on intimate terms. Yet her ultimate goal was to land on the pages of *Playboy*, not the *Journal of the Foreign Policy Association*.

To this bizarre cast of creeps, we have sacrificed Harry Reems, Al Goldstein, Ralph Ginzburg, and even a guy named Flynt. We got them off, got them laid in grand style and they paid us off by bullying and jailing us.

Nifty.

But we've learned a great lesson from the recent sex scandals.

We are not a culture apart. We are a mainstream organism. We are you. We are them. We are everybody and everywhere. Not a small raincoat-covered, leather-crazed, kink-seeking clique of freaks—but a brotherhood of lotion-shooting strippers and nude-modeling secretaries and doctors and lawyers and magazine writers and factory workers and truckers.

We are selling millions of magazines, thousands of theatre seats, and hundreds of blowjobs a month.

And we're sick of this shit!

The newest member of our CHERI Orchard team is the fabulous Honeysuckle Divine, Washington-based comedienne, farteuse, dancer, raconteur, diarist, ex-nun, intimate of presidents, movie star, and dirty dame extraordinaire. Her column, beginning next month, will be called "Honeysuckle's Beehive." This month, she's honored us with a recounting of her recent troubles with John Law.

However, when Honeysuckle went to the Hooker's Convention in Washington, both as a reporter for CHERI and soulmate, she was treated rather rudely by her sisters.

CHERI's staff herewith lodges a vociferous protest. Nobody on this globe has suffered more from the very repressions COYOTE seeks to eradicate than this ingenuous angel of sexual hyperbole. She is the archetypal Wonderwaif, condemned by society's puritanism and voraciousness to wander the bus stations and burlesque runways of her land, seeking love and acceptance without having to sell that part of her which is not for sale.

Feminists, eager to find an issue with enough panache to capture the attention of the macho press, have latched onto America's hookers with all the passion of a troupe of visiting firemen. And yet, when Honeysuckle does her thing, *their* thing, they choose to silence her.

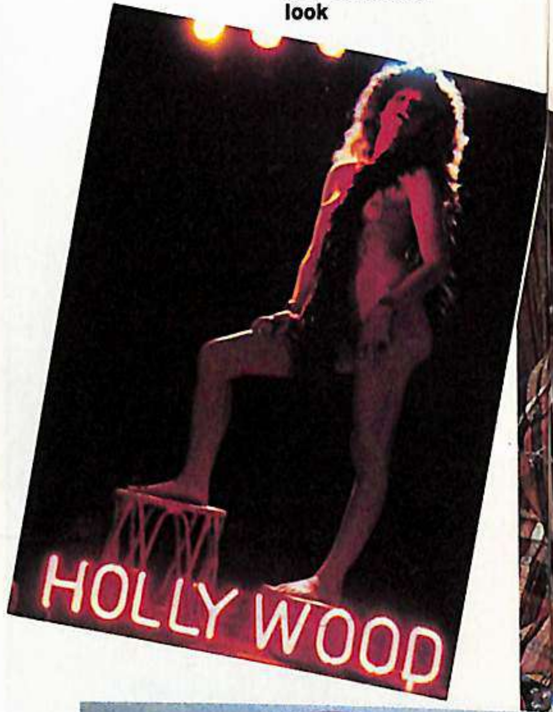
They haven't heard the last of it. From her or from us.

III

In this issue, five new, real faces from the morals revolution. Rand Holmes, best of the underground comic artists; Chuck Huffman, a sincere, brilliant male sex surrogate; Camilla, queen of the fetish correspondents; Ocelot, outspoken hooker chieftain; and yet another CHERI orchid, Houston-based porn-theatre ticket-taker (and superb writer), Liz Dean. Welcome, contributors, to our mad, bad family. And, welcome, readers, to another gala get-together.

Peter Wolff

Maureen's new superstar look



Cartoonist-pirate Gary Halgren

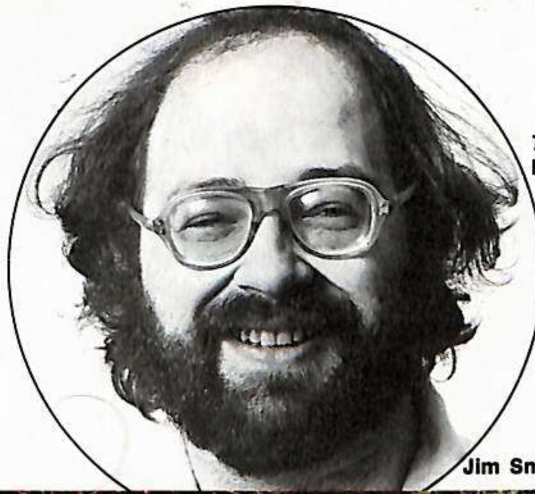
Pete Turner, artist ("The Reluctant Rapist)

Roberto ("Shoes") Morrison and "S."

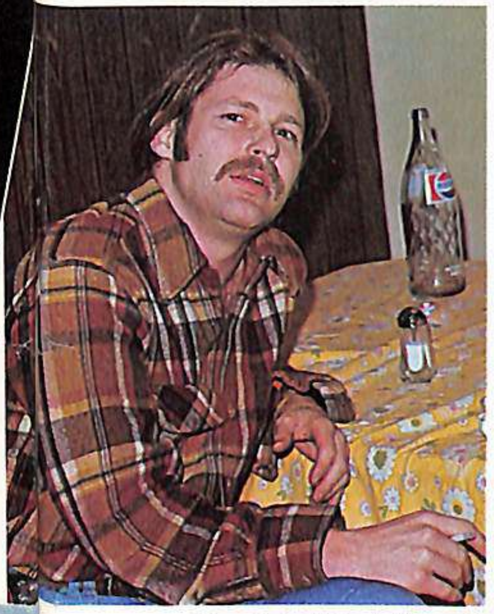
Dickens Bascome, eco-cobbler

ROBERTO MORRISON

The Norman Schreiber



Jim Smith, photographer-centerfold

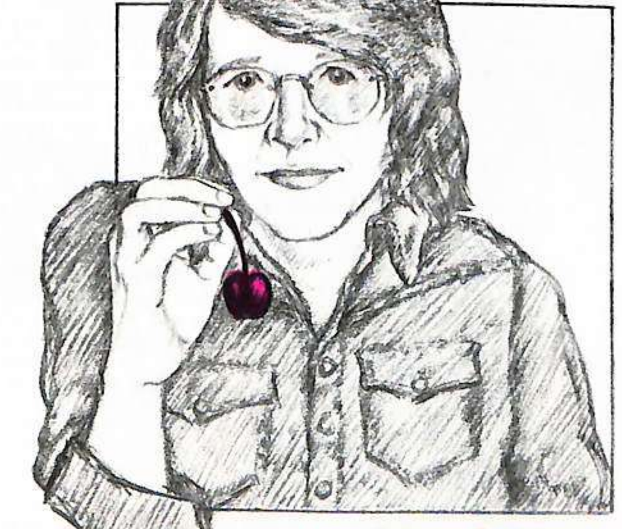


Allan Earle ("Rand Holmes")

SUSAN SHAPIRO

Ms. H. Divine, diarist

PETER HURD



Illustrator Scott Navzen

MIKE SULLIVAN

Peter Bramley in 2001

AMERIcheri

HONEYSUCKLE, HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION, GETS HOOKERS' HEAVE-HO

CHERI's newest columnist, superstar stripper Honeysuckle Divine lives in Washington, D.C., and knows its cunt-laden Congressional scene intimately. So she was a natural to cover the First International Meeting of Prostitutes and the Feminist Party in D.C. last month.

With her customary passion and purposefulness, our frank-spoken correspondent not only did her news work, but spiritedly allied herself with The Cause. After all, during much of the activity, she was the only admitted ex-prostitute on the scene—and her candor and flashy vines made her the most popular interviewee there.

Patriotically-inclined Honeysuckle raps with Congressional-type at COYOTE reception for legislators.

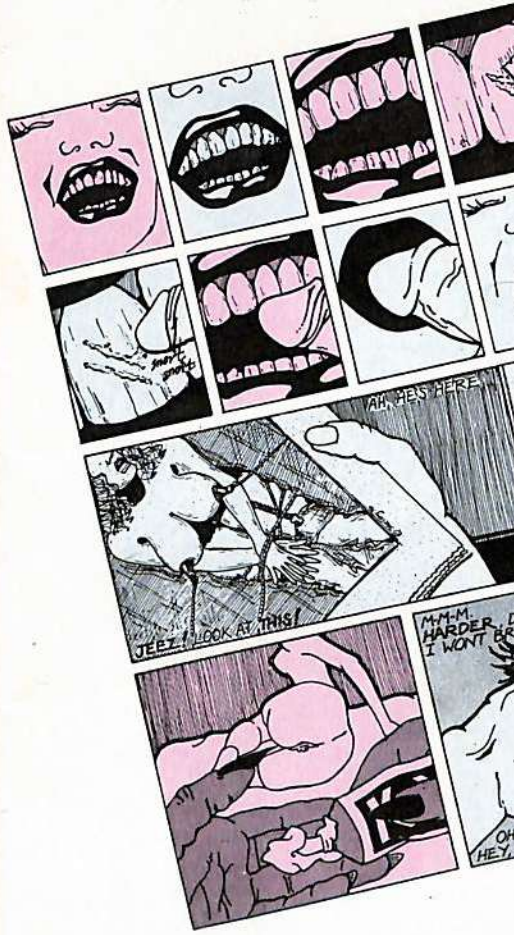
Well, apparently feminist political types just aren't ready to handle crusading journalist-farteuses. They accused Honeysuckle of tricking on the premises (that is, of being self-serving and hogging the spotlight from the "issues.") Well, if Honeysuckle isn't the issue, no one is, and, apparently, manipulative libniks will only protect the working girl if she knows her place. Result: Using a mixture of invective and muscle, some of the feminist heavies eighty-sixed our reporter.

Only the wonderfully wordly Margo St. James stood up for Honeysuckle: "If she can't do that here and be accepted, where *can* she do it?"

Nonetheless, the Divine Ms. Divine was intimidated out of returning to the convention. But she was there long enough and saw enough to write a dynamite column for next month's CHERI. Still, it's a shame that the Feminist Movement, which hitches its star to the hooker lib crusade because it's a sexy, media-attractive place to be, can't figure out who its friends are.

SHAMPOONTANG NEWS

Mr. Jennifer of Beverly Sills, the oh-so-smarmy stylist who does the Duchess of Smegma, among others, says his newest technique for Avant-Garde couture is the Pubic Tongue Massage, guaranteed to add lustre to milady's brush, thanks to the Ultra-natural oils in her hairdresser's saliva.

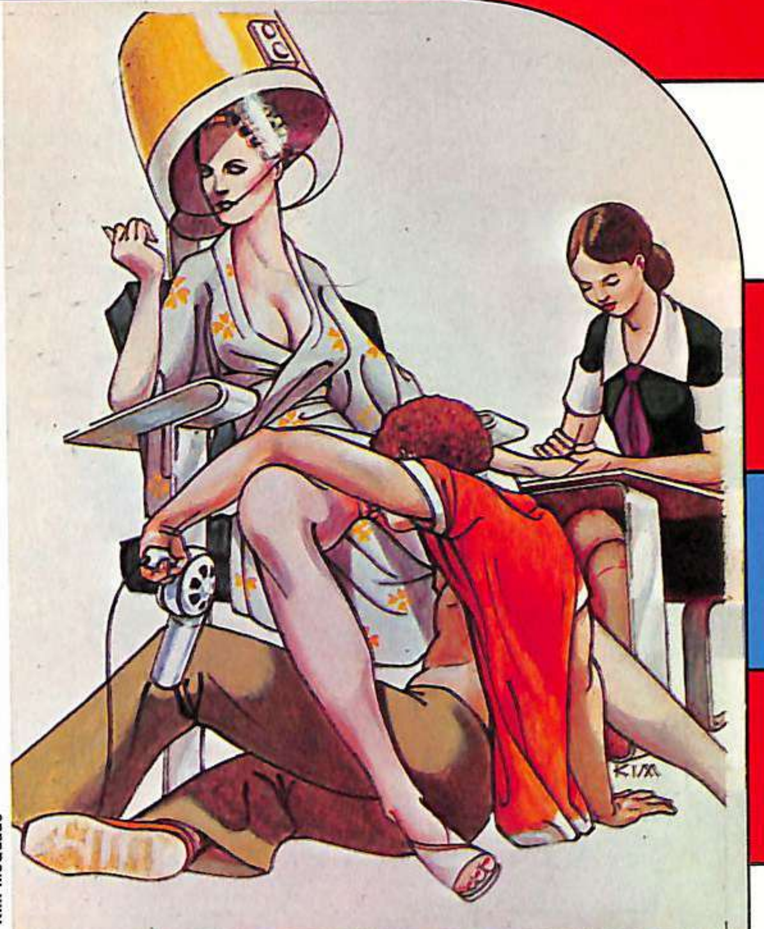

AH, HE'S HERE
JEEZ! LOOK AT THIS!
M-M-M. HARDER, DAMMIT. I WON'T BREAK.
OH, YEAH! HEY, BABY, LET'S...

WOULD YOU BELIEVE....NOSEFUCK?

Trina Robbins, the best and most prolific of the feminine underground erotic cartoonists, has, with a little help from several of her lady friends, produced a dynamite new comic called *Wet Satin. Wet Satin* is a group of personal, intimate sex fantasies by noted women cartoonists. Trina's contribution is a terrific, savage tale which finds the heroine sucking on Indian cock in retribution for Wounded Knee. Another winner is a piece called *Nosefuck* by the surrealistically-inclined Shelby. Don't miss this book!

EVERY GAL NEEDS A JOHN ONCE IN A WHILE

During the Hooker Ball festivities (see previous page), CHERI reporter Gloria Leonard (right) and a fellow working-girl took time out for a little ad lib activism: they liberated the White House mens room. Said Gloria, "We women spend so much time on our backs, it's a pleasure to get relief standing up once in a while."



Kim McQuade

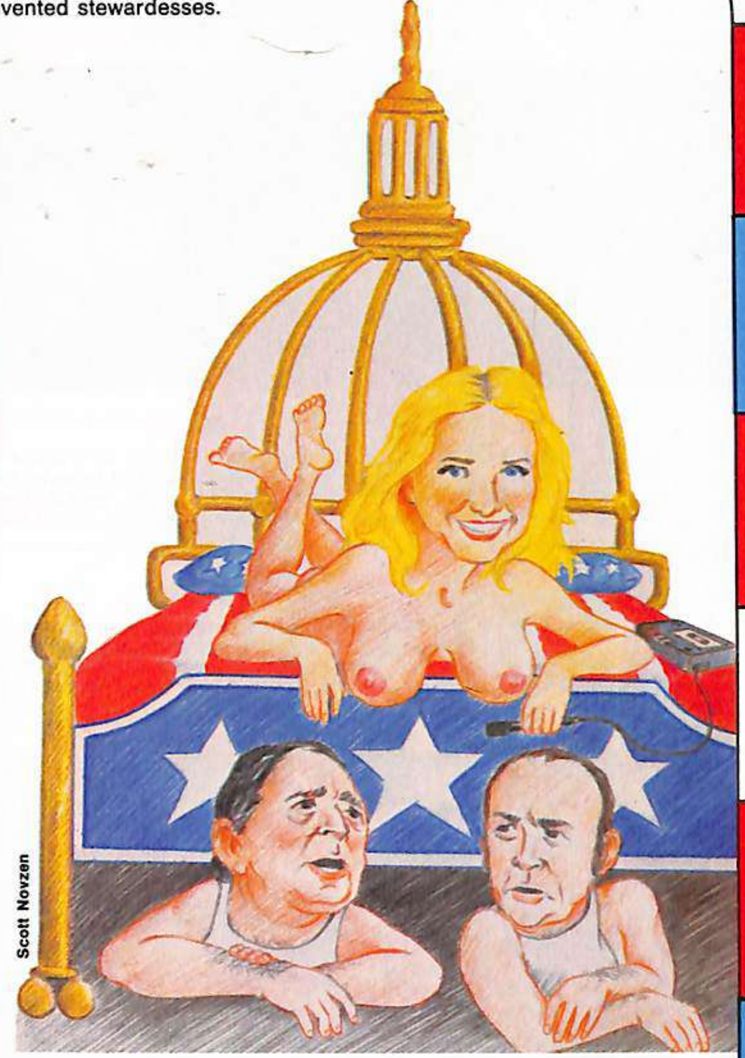
Peter Hurd

AMERIcheri

Gary Barnett

THE HOUSE OF PIMPRESENTATIVES IS NOT A HOME (AND THAT AIN'T HAYS)

In balloting by the nation's prostitutes, Jackie Onassis was named Hooker of the Year and Reverend Sun Myung Moon beat out Hugh Hefner, Joe Conforte, and Werner Erhard for Pimp of the Year honors. CHERI protests the vote. We believe the House of Representatives, as a whole, have lent more legitimacy to the pandering biz than any other body of men since the airlines invented stewardesses.



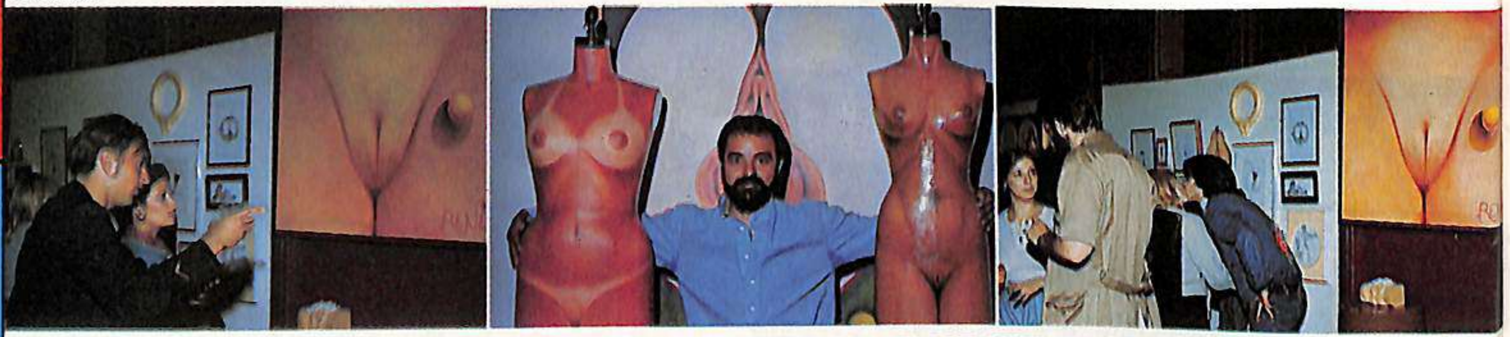
Scott Novzen

GREAT AMERICAN TITS: NUMBER THREE (COURTESY OF THE DALLAS/FT. WORTH METROSEX)

Metrosex is an incredible newspaper! Published in the Dallas-Fort Worth metroplex, it is modest and soft-coreish, well-written and easy-to-look-at. But *Metrosex* has something no other sex magazine or newspaper has: photo layouts of local massage parlor girls—along with the phone number of the salon in which they toil. It's like reading a pussy menu—the chicks you see nude in the paper are actually available to you for a nominal fee! In Vol. 2 No. 3, *Metrosex* featured a piece on Sarah, pictured here: "Sarah was born of a well-to-do family of six in Fort Worth. . . . 38-24-36, she loves men, freedom, going nude, meeting people, and being single. Working at the Country Club Massage, she's a masseuse with magic fingers. 'I like my job and my customers.'" *Metrosex* is a good, honest, interesting paper and Sarah's boobs are beyond belief. Thar's gold in them thar Dallas hills!

AMERIche

Jim Smith



CHERIPOPPER IN THE NEWS: RENE'S BABYTWAT STUNS ARTY SET

When CHERI's own Rene Moncada unveiled his pervo canvasses for the artsy-fartsy set in New York's boho Soho district, the result was instant aphrodisia. The impact of his hairless baby cunt (above) was so immediate that onlookers were moved to kiss and fondle in utter defiance of their more-or-less sober environs. Moncada, heel that he is, takes no responsibility for the moral chaos he initiates. "My paintings are not pornography," he insists. "I have eliminated the rest of the body to avoid arousing you in a sexual manner."

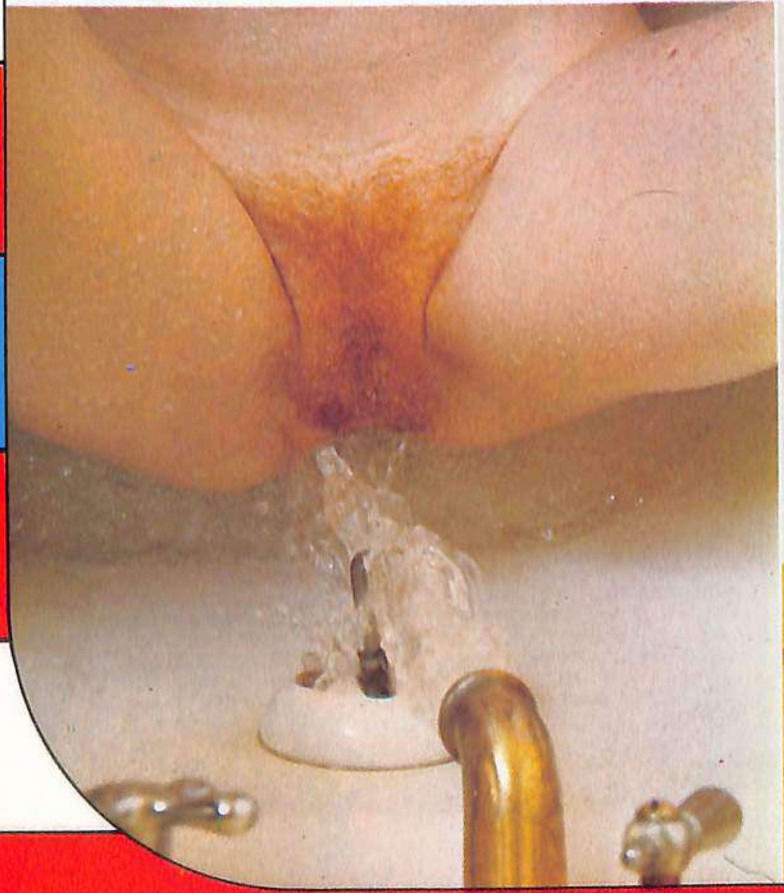
WATER SPORTS IN REVIEW

Helen Boodooghian of Alacrity, Maine, reports she has broken the world's record for continuous orgasm initiated by bathwater with a total of forty in three hours and fifteen minutes. Miss Boodooghian reports that her ultimate goals in life are to ball Mark Spitz and a Great White Shark, in that order.

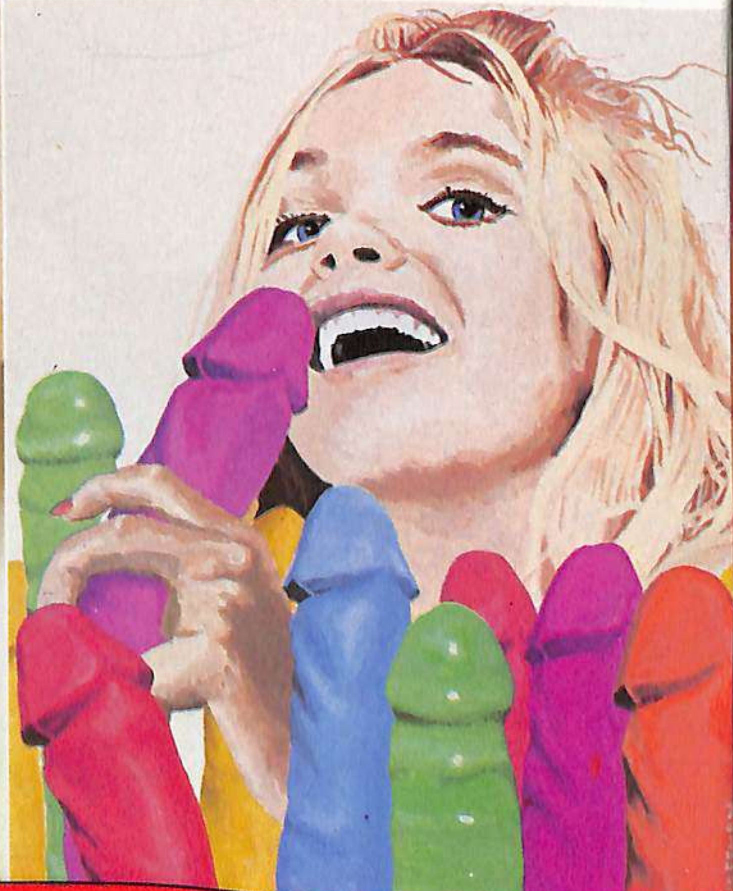
RAINBOWNERS

The National Association For The Advancement of Colored Cocks reports that orange and blue cocks are in this year, while turquoise and green are out. However, we know a girl in Salem, Oregon, who will take on any green or turquoise men if they are clean, cultured, and Republicans.

Pat Flint



Gregg Hoffmann



FIST CUM, FIST SERVED: MEET "MISS CRISKO-1976"

Next month, CHERI will feature an unbelievably filthy and beautiful interview and photo spread on the versatile porno superstar Marlene Willoughby. This month, we offer a little appetizer to that story: a study of the delicate Ms. W. in the throes of Fistic ecstasy, as her doctor reaches up to remove the dwarf who has been lodged in her fallopian tubes since August of 1973.

Peter Hurd

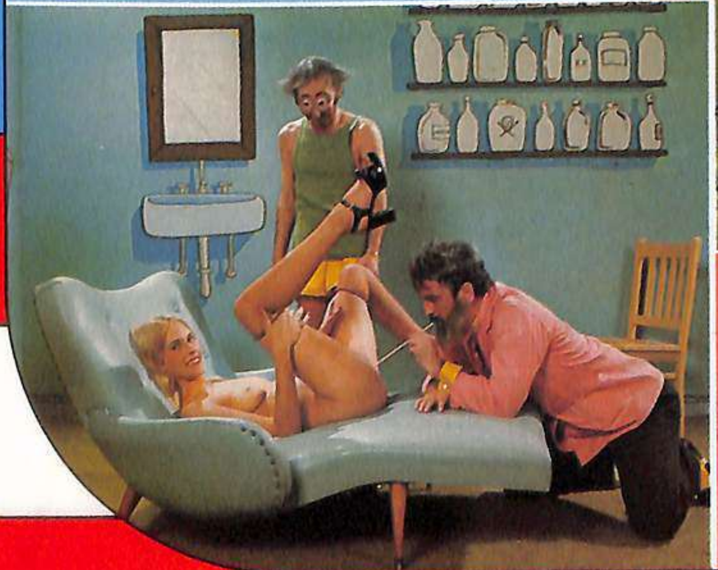
AMERIcheri

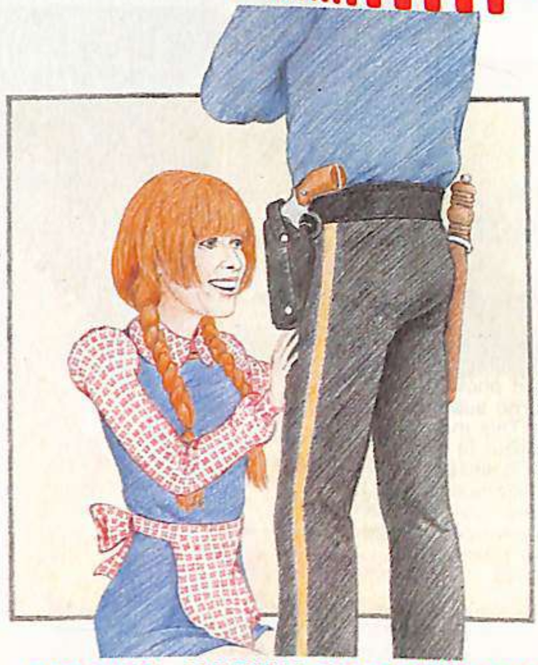
BUT CAN SHE TAKE DICTATION?

The fall catalog at Georgeton Universitee in Washington lists a bunch of new courses in its Bachelor of Secretarial Arts Program, including: French Massage I, Comparative Rubber Arts, Introduction To Dildo, and Writing Your Memoirs II.

THE OLD STRAW-UP-THE-WAZOO TRICK

Salem Carter, a peanut farmer of Prunes, Georgia, lost his nosering in the somewhat cavernous cooze of local barmaid, Nina Van Kooch, and used this old wives' technique to retrieve it. He failed. On August 2, 1976, Nina gave birth to a seven-pound tiara.





Scott Novzen

MARY H., MARY H. SUCK COPS, SUCK COPS

In a recent issue of TV Guide, one of the writers on *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* intimated that the hotter the subject, the more inclined were MHMH to use it. Actually, the show's forte is the subtle, not-usually-verbalized side of commonplace scandals. Most of the "hot" subjects they tackle are pretty safe. When Mary, Mary starts giving deep throat, deep throat to Dennis the Cop, then and only then will the show have crossed the line.

SEX EDUCATION IN RETROSPECT

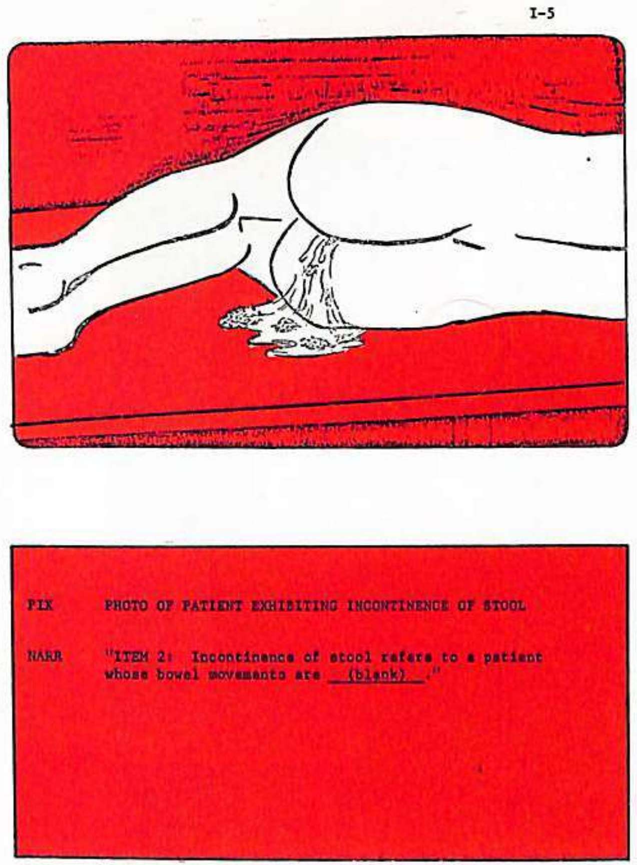
This barn in Marshall Junction, Montana, has received the first Annual National Committee On Sex Education award for Merit after it was revealed that the sixteen daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Otis Serbianko all lost their virginities behind it during the past decade.

BIORHYTHMICAL BRIEFS

These mood panties tell whether she's hot-to-trot or too cold to break the mold. They're available almost everywhere at $1.50. It's the feeling of CHERI, however, that if you've gotten far enough to see the color of her mood patch, you've gotten far enough already.

SEXY
PLAYFUL
CUDDLY
FRIGID

Pat Flint



I-5

PIX PHOTO OF PATIENT EXHIBITING INCONTINENCE OF STOOL

NARR "ITEM 2: Incontinence of stool refers to a patient whose bowel movements are __(blank)__."

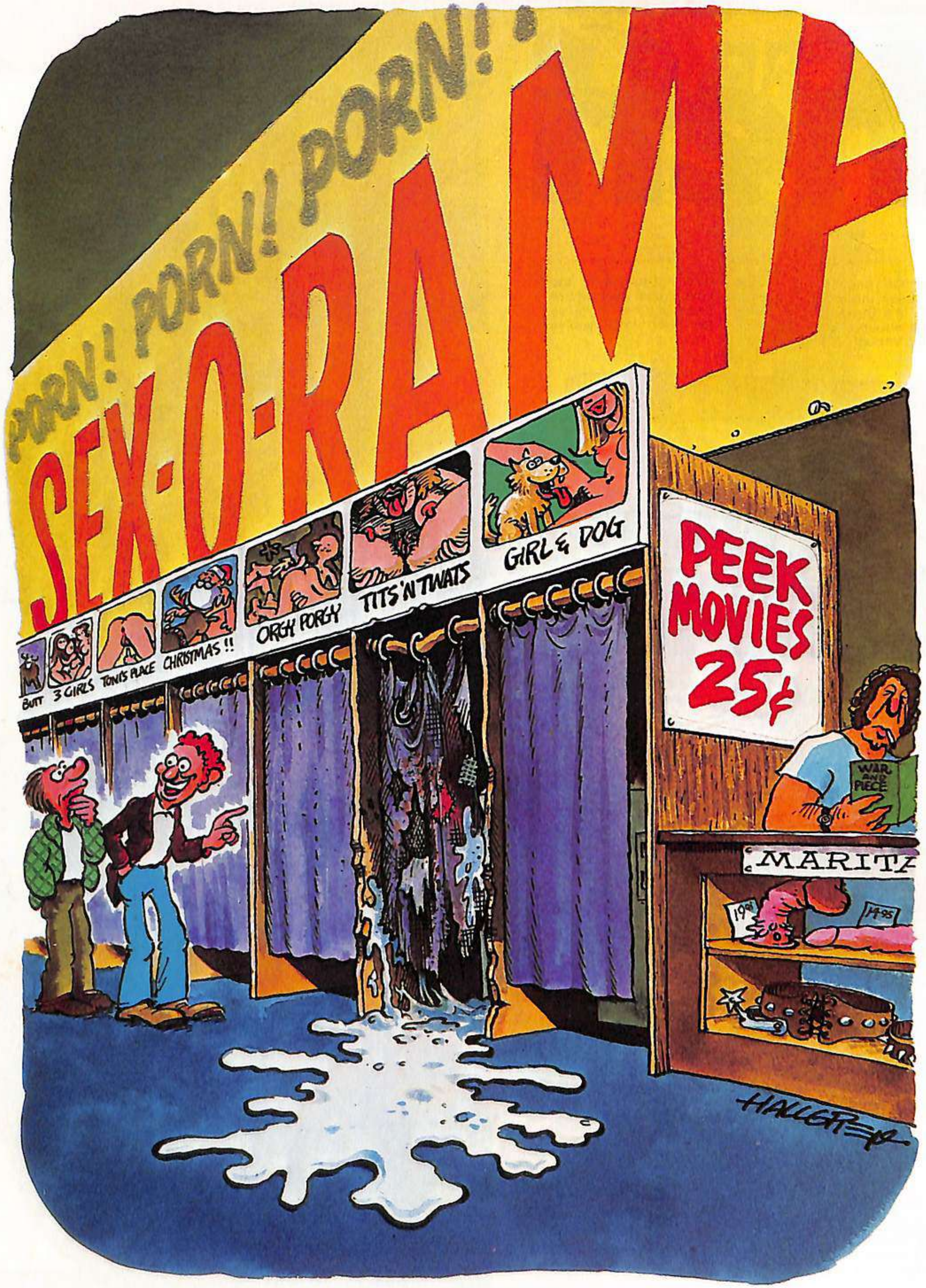
Department of Health, Education & Welfare RFP-NLM-76-123/504

IF YOU HAVE DIARRHEA, UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

The Department of HEW is offering a contract for an educational filmstrip. Contractors will be asked to cast (among others): a) a menstruating woman; b) a person pissing his pants; and c) someone with diarrhea. The storyboard for this strip comes fully illustrated and is a helluva lot more fun than Hustler. You can get it free from Uncle Sam.

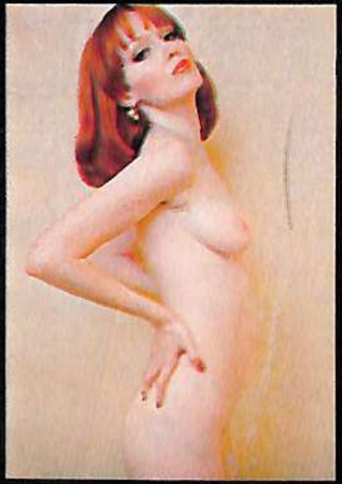
ANOTHER PEE SINK HEARD FROM

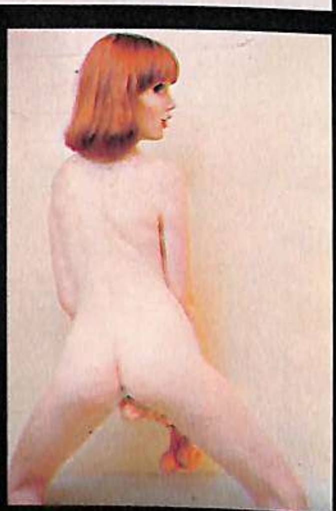
Too late to make our feature story in this issue, we have another nomination for our Great American Glory Holes. It comes from His Honor Harold Carswell, former Supreme Court nominee, who heartily recommends this communal toilet in Florida.


PORN! PORN! PORN!
SEX-O-RAM
BUTT
3 GIRLS
TONI'S PLACE
CHRISTMAS!!
ORGY PORGY
TITS 'N TWATS
GIRL & DOG
PEEK MOVIES 25¢
WAR AND PIECE
MARITA
14.95
HALLGREN

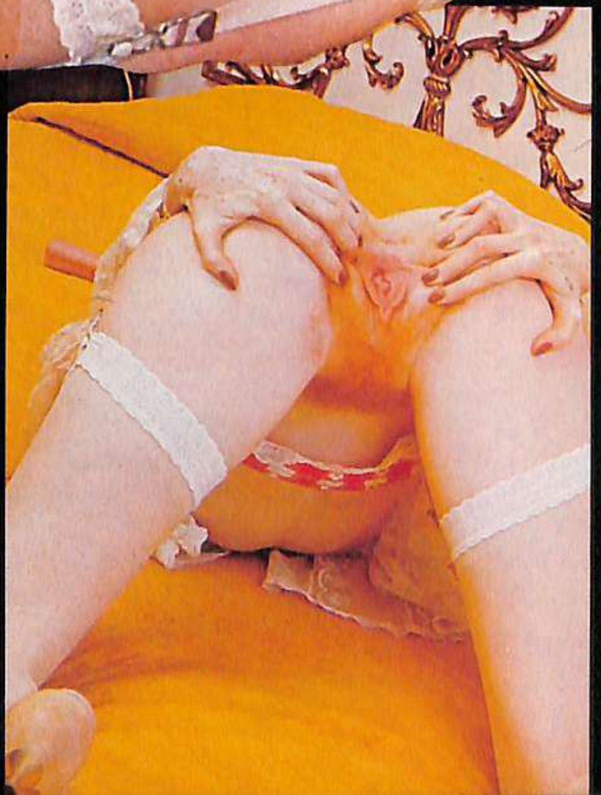
"This looks like a good one"

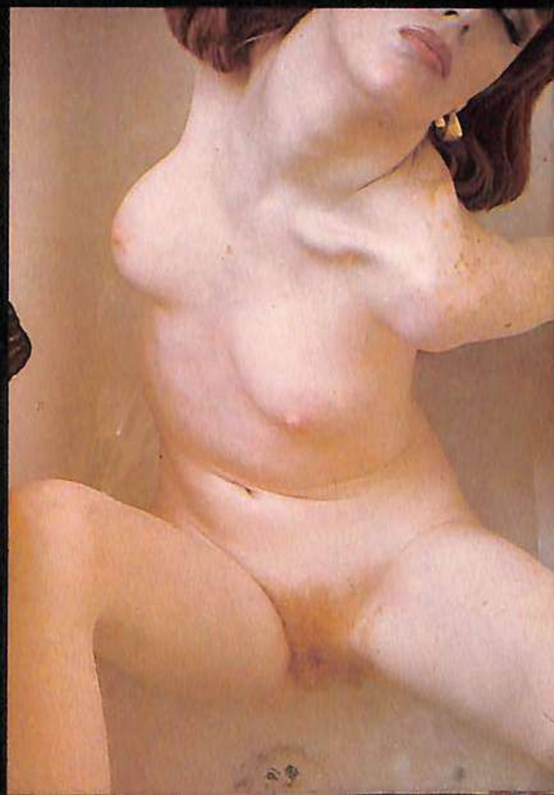
This is me, Montford Lane





I used to be a fashion model This was my first beaver-type shooting





When I don't have
a man around,
this is how I get off.

REVOLT OF THE BIBLE BELT HOOKERS

There's no place as "horny as Kansas (City) in August," where, against a backdrop of conventioneering Republicans and rabble-rousing feminists, the local street pros are staging a revolution.

CHERI interview by JODY MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL OKAMOTO

WELCOME G.O.P.
CALIFORNIA
IOWA
OREGON
MISSOURI
INVEST IN AMERICA
★★★
HIRE A HOOKER

As Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan's camps gather in GOP strongholds to plan vote-sucking campaign strategies for the presidential nomination, another clan gathers in Kansas City to organize its special contribution to the Republican convention. They are the hookers of KC—beasts of burden for the Bible Belt's neuroses—who have been getting a most undemocratic bicentennial suck from their home town. The new rash of convention-inspired arrests and harassments have made professional work tough on these chicks, but they're not about to be washed off the sidewalks by the hypocritical flotsam who want the Paris of the Prairie to look good for its "dignified" visitors.

Hookers are people, too. And, under the loving banner of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics)—the nation's Hooker Lib union, KC's pavement-pounding prosties are preparing to unite with other sexual minorities and such political types as Yippie, to get the ear of the Republican gatherees.

The president of COYOTE's Kansas City chapter is Ocelot, a twenty-three year old mother and college grad who takes the business of sexual rights dead seriously. A shy and articulate woman, Ocelet is kept as busy by her organizing as by her profession itself. Recently, she brainstormed with COYOTE's national chief, Margo St.

James, and made several appearances on local TV and radio talk shows.

As the head hooker in KC, she knows the traps that are special to the American heartland and how they're sprung on the girls who turn tricks there. That's why the KC girls distribute "The Hooker Papers," a regular compendium of news, emotions, and caveats personally written by and for the local working girls. (See box.)

In this exclusive interview, CHERI correspondent Jody Maxwell meets and raps with Ocelot. During the interview, Jody reports, "the phone interrupted us about a thousand times with calls from social friends, johns, some business friends, calls for some other gals . . . on a couple occasions Ocelot asked me to turn off my tape recorder to answer questions off the record. She is basically a shy, very quiet person.

"Near the end of the interview, two people walked in unexpectedly. I was forced to turn off the tape recorder. The visitors were Hiram Hiller, local head of the Yippies, and the other person was the one and only Yippie King himself, Jerry Rubin. I had visions of thousands of cops following soon after, but they didn't. With such a group together," our X-rated movie star-reporter says, "I wondered if any of them were being watched, and if so, whether the 'watchers' thought we were having a special meeting. I did not know these people were coming," says Jody. "You never

(Continued on page 77)

THE HOOKER PAPERS: BAWDY, STREETWISE BROADSIDES

The Hooker Papers is the name of the newsletter written, distributed, and read by the working gals of Kan-sex City. The following excerpts from a recent issue demonstrate the arbitrary discrimination that hookers like Ocelot endure in KC. CHERI has withheld the names of the police officers involved in the following scenes.

MARGO TELLS "X" TO STICK IT

On Wednesday night, Margo St. James while accompanying local COYOTES to a bar up on the strip met the apple fair recruit from Sedalia, "X," or as Margo calls him, "X-o." This cossack followed Margo and company into one of the sleazy strip bars (you know, one of the bars that has nerve enough to say they don't allow whores in their place of business). At all events we had barely enough time to gulp down our first beer when X stalks over to the table and informs Ocelot that because she is a convicted hooker she must leave. Ocelot, knowing X's reputation as a brawling, sadistic SOB gulps a little more beer and nervously looks at Margo, who in turn sits easily back in her chair and half laughingly looks at him as she would a court jester.

Says Margo, "Sit down and have a beer, "X-o."

X remains adamant. Ocelot will leave or she will go to jail. Margo informs X that the ordinance under which he plans to evict Ocelot is a bunch of shit, and that if Ocelot goes to jail, everyone else present will go to jail.

X begins to look a little nervous now. After being on traffic patrol for 13 years, he is certainly mindful of the authority he assumed in making the status *leap* to vice, and now this queen whore is challenging him. Should he follow his natural inclination and beat the hell out of Ocelot and everyone else at the table. No, for a change he'll be more diplomatic. He threatens to book everyone at the table. Margo is delighted at the prospect of suing the KCPD and tells him to go ahead. Finally, Ocelot musters up enough nerve to look X in the face and explains very carefully why she will not leave the premises unless the manager personally asks her to do so. X, totally frustrated, must fall back on the manager's civilian authority. He turns around twice, almost in a circle, and skips off to bring back this fat slob of a proprietor who obviously wants nothing to do with what is going on.

We all take pity on the consternation of the poor SOB and leave. We'll call this a partial victory for the record.

ON THE TACTICS OF SERGEANT Z OF THE VICE SQUAD

One of the newest additions to the Kansas City Vice Squad is Sergeant Z. At about 5'11, 170 pounds, moustached and kind of cute, the sergeant really looks like a cop, but-he lies like a rug.

(Continued on page 77)

Ocelot, Jody, COYOTE's Margo St. James, and a local organizer named Falcon plan a frontal attack on the K.C. establishment.

Photo by RICHARD PATTERSON

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

By ELIZABETH DEAN

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

"I am the only female employee of an adult movie house . . . and I've been hustled, attacked, propositioned . . ."

Photograph by JOHN McCRAW

CHERI is proud to introduce Elizabeth Dean who will bring you her personal journal of the Houston sex scene each month in the Cheri Orchard. You're sure to appreciate our Miss Dean's X-rated musings and accounts spiced with the authentic Southwestern flavor of her own experience. Write Liz c/o CHERI.

The long hot Texas summer, like a bad case of the crabs, is here again. A Houston summer is the worst in Texas. The thermometer seems married to the ninety-five degree mark. The humidity covers the city like a wool blanket. Clothing get skimpier, along with tempers. Houstonians dream of escaping to cooler climes, like Cairo or Calcutta.

I am the only female employee of what is politely known as an adult movie house. My place of employment takes on an even sleazier appearance, if possible, in the summertime. Even the flattened beer cans and discarded ticket stubs that decorate the front of the building seem to wilt in protest at the suffocating heat. On the marquee we see that *Deep Throat* is into its third year, beating out *The Sound of Music* as Houston's longest running flick, skin or otherwise. Ms. Lovelace, along with Georgina, Marilyn, and even John Wadd have their honorary plaques hanging on the lime green walls of the lobby. All to give the customer a hot time. The air-conditioning, which is supposed to keep him cool while he is having his hot time, is naturally out of order. The only time it works is in the winter, when it isn't needed. If you think this tends to make my customers somewhat irrational and even a little anxious as they nab their pleasures, you're right.

Tonight, though, has been fairly calm: just the usual crew of winos and under-aged black kids trying to talk their way in free, or sell me a nice tape deck. I was sitting here earlier talking to one of my regular obscene phone callers (I have two phones in my booth, a red one for business and a black one for obscenities) when this really good looking blond dude walks in. Much to my disappointment, he asked for a ticket to the fag theater next door (my ticket booth sells tickets to both, *Deep Throat* and a fag theater opposite). Seems like all the good ones go to the gay side. Maybe I should get into ass fucking. He seemed more polite than the ones I usually deal with (I see a lot of real live woman haters on the fag side) so I gave him one of my more charming smiles. He sauntered through the turnstyle. I thought he'd be certain to find someone to trick with. It's a shame to see the real "pretty boys" coming out on the arm of some dried up old queen. But they do it for money and other considerations.

I had just finished with my obscene friend, when the blond fag came back up to the front and started a conversation with me. He seemed pleasant enough. Said he was from Austin and wondered if I knew of any gay hot spots around Houston. I told him of a few nice places and then turned to do my hourly report on ticket sales. Abruptly, he asked me if I was interested in an evening of fun when I got off work, for a nominal fee.

This may not be unusual for the gay world, or for middle-aged wealthy ladies, but for myself, a twenty-three year old, fairly attractive woman, I was dumbfounded. I wasn't quite sure I heard him right. I have been hustled, attacked, propositioned. Working here has subjected me to all of it, at one time or the other. But never have I had someone asked me if I wanted to buy "it." The girls at the office will never believe this one. I must have looked confused. He told me he would hang around for a while and went back inside.

A door buzzer went off a couple of minutes later, on the fag side, meaning that a couple of "them" were humping too hard and knocked the back door open, which sets off a loud and obnoxious alarm. When this happens I have to arm myself with flashlight and mace, pick my way through the dark over three or four nude bodies, and shut the door. How anyone could fuck in such a foul-smelling place on cold concrete is

(Continued on page 30)

I, ANNIE SPRINKLE

The incredible Annie Sprinkle, movie star, non-stop copulator, bursting with bosom power and vitality, regaled you with her incredible fucking-filled lifestyle in CHERI Number 1. Remember? She's the one who gave tit massages in New Mexico trailer camps, got off on 80-year-old geezers, and balled her biker boyfriend's buddies? Well, the new Annie Sprinkle dropped us the following missive, which we reprint in its entirety, because this Raunchette has reformed! She's taking harmonica lessons now, but that ain't all. In the most head-bending turnabout since Mary Magdalene went halo happy, Annie Sprinkle recounts the amazing story of her reformation.

Photograph by PETER HURD

"I came to realize that I was a victim of *Sexaholism*."

By ANNIE SPRINKLE

Kim Pope, who regularly appears in this column, is on vacation this month, and will return in CHERI Number 4. In her absence, we present Miss Annie Sprinkle.

You may be interested in knowing that the Annie Sprinkle you knew is dead but her body and soul live on and will be starting Hunter College in the fall and leading a life of celibacy. Shortly after my interview for your Cherry Breaking issue, I went through a dramatic change which I would like to share as it may reveal some important socially redeeming value and/or satisfy your curiosity as to why I arrived at these new goals and morals—obviously an extreme change from my previous ones.

In May I left New York to go to South America in search of new adventures. After a month of staying in the best hotels, eating at the best restaurants, meeting lots of crazy people, partying, and fucking my brains out, I decided to take a little break from all the madness so I flew out to a little town on the coast of Venezuela. On the plane I met a handsome Colombian man who spoke fluent English. He had gone to college in Boston, U.S.A. I couldn't resist him so I figured, well, I'll take my little break some other time. We spent a very horny night together in a beautiful hotel. He was in Venezuela on business for a few days so I asked if I could stay with him and he said o.k. (I always stayed in the best hotels, but I never paid for them!) As the days passed he started avoiding me. He declined when I invited him to go for a romantic walk through the little town. He didn't want to have dinner with me. He declined any suggestion I made to do something together. I started kissing his neck and rubbing my hip against his crotch knowing that *no one* had ever declined *that* invitation, but he ignored me. I freaked out!

Bursting into tears, then packing my bags, I confronted him with how fucked up I thought he was, how much he was missing in life by not getting close to people. After all, I was a nice American girl who loved life, liked to enjoy herself, lots of fun to be with, had big tits and gave good head. All he wanted in life was to marry a nice Colombian, virgin girl. I had so much to offer. I listened to his side of the argument as I walked towards the door wondering why he didn't like me. Did he like *flat* chested girls? Did he think I had the clap? I hesitantly came to realize that his reasons were much deeper and there was a lot of truth in what he was saying. He thought I was basically a good, generous, honest person but he couldn't respect me and I had little to offer. I had never accomplished any long term goals that you have to struggle for. I was too busy having fun. I wanted to do only enjoyable things, enjoy each moment, live for today but he said that living that way can only provide emptiness in the long run. He explained that a person gets much more satisfaction by accomplishing worthwhile goals that you have to struggle for. He knew I was looking for somebody to really love and settle down with for a while. He explained that to find a good man I would have to be worthy of one, and have more to offer than a good sex life and being a lot of fun. He said these things don't come by luck like I thought they did. He was 100 per cent right about everything. I had no idea I was on such a wrong track and that I had to change. Yet, it was so obvious. The whole ordeal was a genuine religious experience (without organized religion) and he was my saviour.

We stayed up all night talking. I left in the morning with deepest respect and many thanks to this person who set me straight. I flew to the island of Margarita to get over the initial shock of my new awareness and to create some new goals and morals.

I came to realize that I was a victim of what I now call *Sexaholism*. Yes, I believe *(Continued on page 94)*

KANSAS CITY STARK

By JODY MAXWELL

"I have never been driven to sex because of, or by means of, *Screw* magazine."

Photograph by SIWHER OHLSSON

Jody reports on a bubbling cauldron of sextra-legal imbroglios in the Great Midwest. A pioneer for freedom of expression as the Singing Cocksucker, our luscious movie star and history student speaks her mind on topics as important to us all as freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Jody is eager to hear of your opinions, pastimes, and passions in the Heartland c/o CHERI.

While the sex lives of the Congress have been making many of the headlines in recent weeks, sex and the law have been making important news also. The federal obscenity trial of *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley has ended, at least for now. Another trial in Wyoming has just finished, and has proved that V.D. joins the ranks of death and tornadoes as "the great equalizers." For years, in the midwest, death and tornadoes shared that title.

A new mode in midwest recreational sex has been interrupted, at least temporarily, by the law in south-central Missouri, much to the dismay of the resort area's visitors.

With all that is happening between the law and sex, we can still afford to be optimistic. After all, the Congress surely must know that those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones . . .

***

After a year and a half of legal maneuvers and four weeks of trial in Wichita, Kansas, Al Goldstein and his former partner, Jim Buckley, have been found guilty of one count of conspiring to mail "obscene" material into Kansas, and of eleven counts of having actually mailed "obscene" material. In addition to these twelve counts, Buckley and Goldstein had also been charged with mailing information on where to obtain "obscene" material. Two days before the verdict, Judge Frank Theis of U.S. District Court dismissed this charge, after deciding that newspapers and other publications sent through the mails could not be criminally liable for reviews of "obscene" movies and books even if the reviews told how to obtain the "obscene" material. Judge Theis said *not* to dismiss the charge would be to create unconstitutional prior restraint.

The defense disagreed with the U.S. government regarding the *real* issues in the case. According to the government, the issues were that *Screw* and *Smut* are "obscene," that Buckley and Goldstein conspired to mail and did mail these materials in violation of federal laws, and that the issue in the case was not whether people should be able to receive what they want in the mail, but whether "obscene" material should be mailed.

The defense, on the other hand, pointed to two ultimate issues in the case: the right of a person to read what he chooses, and the freedom of the press. The defense attorneys, also, asserted that the orders to prosecute may have originated in the highest levels of the White House in the Nixon Administration.

Although one of the government prosecutors flatly denied this, evidence brought out during the trial showed that postal officials in Kansas used fictitious names to subscribe to the publications from four Kansas towns, on instructions of the New York postal inspector, who said his orders started in Washington.

Among the witnesses in the trial was the highly respected Dr. Walter Menninger of the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas. Dr. Menninger told the jury that he had read all the copies of the magazines charged in the indictment and that none appealed to the so-called prurient interests of the average man or woman.

An appeal to prurient interest must be proved before "obscenity" can be established. Offensiveness under contemporary community standards and lack of serious scientific, literary, or artistic value, also, are necessary for conviction on obscenity charges.

Some of the other testimony, during the trial, revealed that the New York Public Library had formally requested all issues of *Screw* for its collection, and a *Screw* subscriber said that he kept track of how often his sealed issues of the magazine were opened before they were delivered to him. He found that at least one of every six issues was opened. *(Continued on page 58)*

THE SLAVE TRADE

This month Terry Kolb presents a stunning memoir from her first years of Slave Freedom in Greenwich Village. Ms. Kolb, now a practicing submissive in Los Angeles, recalls an indelibly naughty time, filled with drugs, sex, and cruelty, that—one must speculate—laid the ground for her submissive lifestyle. Terry welcomes your letters and comments c/o CHERI.

"I loved the high . . . He ate my cunt and I saw visions on the ceiling."

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

BY TERRY KOLB

Below is an attempt to recreate my consciousness as it existed over 15 years ago. In some ways I have remained the same person and in other ways I am quite different. But I still love the happy nut that was me and I want to share her with the world.

I hated school. I hated getting up by the clock and riding the crowded subway. I hated the atmosphere of oppression that prevailed in the plastic world of high school students in the fifties. I yearned to be free—free to be uniquely me. While other girls dressed up, I deliberately dressed down. I even wore dirty clothes and let my arms become streaked with dirt. Free was funky. Instead of going to school, I longed to stay on the subway train past my school's stop and just ride at random through the city; to lose myself in the multiplicity of streets, sights and sounds.

I loved Lawrence Lipton, Alan Watts, Henry Miller, Allen Ginsberg, Kerovck, et al. They wrote of a wonderful new world in which people actually dared to be free and to let others be free. In the fifties, that was a rare and precious thing. The Beatniks dressed so freakily and looked so strong and brave! The kids in school were all trying to be carbon copies of each other so the rebellion of the Beats won my soul right over.

I quit high school as soon as I hit 16 and got me a job as a file clerk for $42 a week working full time. I hated work, but I didn't mind it because I didn't notice it.

I found an apartment on the Italian side of Mott Street and decorated it with Buddhist symplicity: one round, wood table, one chair, a mattress, a chest of drawers, some books and a set of bongo drums. I moved in before the electricity was turned on and spent the evenings reading Evergreen Review to flickering candlelight.

Getting to know the Beatniks was a bit of a problem because I was shy and wanted to be "cool." Unfortunately, there were a lot of tourists and hangers-on who I did not want to be mistaken for. (The cliquishness of the fifties was everywhere.) Fortunately, I ran into an old friend who was living in the East Village who took me under her wing and introduced me to all of her friends. She took me to meet some friends. There, I met T.J., a fat, smiling, sort of Rabalaisian-looking man with a beard, who kissed every girl on the lips as she came in. T.J. took me to his apartment where there were a group of more traditionally beat-looking, but nondescript men and women. One cat psychopathetically asked me if he could insure me and then throw me out of the window. I was strangely thrilled by his words, said, presumably, in jest.

T.J. was after my ass hot and heavy, but I didn't dig him. I was really still a virgin, in spite of a few little adventures. His friend Tom was after my ass too, but he was clever about it. He knew I couldn't stand him, so he decided to manipulate my mind. His primary method was drugs. The method worked because I was eager to try them all.

The first thing T.J. gave me was some bennies. We were at an all-night party. The bennies made my mouth so dry, I did not mind in the least when T.J. began soul kissing me. It was great. We did it all night, right through the party. In the morning, when the air had that special precious light feeling that comes when you've been partying all night, we walked to his pad, where we got into heavier stuff. Here, he ate my cunt and I saw "visions" on the ceiling. He tried to fuck me but he couldn't get hard. The sex became tedious as I started to crash. It was my first experience with speed. I felt tired but couldn't yet sleep. If someone looked at me crosseyed, I burst into tears. But I had loved the high.

T.J. also got me my first pot—with my money, almost an entire week's salary. Money (Continued on page 30)

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

By MISTRESS ROSEANNE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

"You gals let guys crawl all over you, but you refuse to let them wash and kiss your feet."

Photograph by ALLAN

Mistress Roseanne, super-idol of New York submissives, is active in making the S-M world a nice place to visit, and an acceptable place, if you do want to live there. You probably noticed the "Roseanne touch" in CHERI's "Brute Suit" pictorial last month. In this column, Mistress Roseanne delivers her first lesson in the making and training of a slave. Mistress Roseanne deigns to request that you write her c/o CHERI.

The phone rings. A voice inquires, "Umm . . . ahh . . . Is Roseanne there, please?"

"Who is this?"

"Is this Mistress Roseanne?"

"Who *is* this?"

"Well, my name is James Bradley, and Mistress Marianna said I should call you; that you would help help me."

"When did you see Marianne last?"

"Oh, a couple of weeks ago."

"You mean to tell me it took you two weeks to get up the nerve to call me?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Is it going to take you another two weeks to get up the nerve to show for an appointment?"

"No, Mistress."

"What day is convenient for you?"

"Any day during the week, Mistress."

"Then I'll give you an appointment for Wednesday, three p.m. That's three p.m. *sharp*. I'm telling you; I don't like people who are late. Not one minute before, not one minute after, three on the *nose*! This appointment is for an interview only, so don't go and get yourself all upset attempting to surmise what's going to take place. I simply do not deal with people I do not know. This will be our opportunity to get acquainted."

"Yes Mistress."

"I'll see you then."

"Yes, Mistress. Goodby, Mistress. And thank you, Mistress."

***

The man on the phone is seeking an appointment for the fulfillment of his fantasies. He has been recommended to me by a well-known European dominatrix. He attempts to explain what his fantasies are. Unfortunately the telephone is an improper means of communication for such an intimate and delicate conversation. He is given an appointment for an interview two days later. This is the beginning, and the road ahead is a long and arduous one. In my opinion, the first thing to remember in a relationship with anyone is that communication and the sharing of a person's fantasy, be it acted out or just totally verbal, is the heaviest form of person-to-person contact.

Two days later, as the young man and I sit and chat, some of the converstation is a generalization of his fantasies, but for the most part it is "Hi! How are you? What kind of person are you? What are your favorite pastimes, foods, movies . . ." Because the conversation is light and undemanding, the response is more open and facts and feelings are more obvious. Without the young man even realizing it, he has told me he is twenty-eight years old, Libra on the cusp of Virgo, likes spicy, but not hot food, enjoys movies but not legitimate theatre, is scared to death of girls and petrified of women. He is strictly heterosexual and uses his fantasies as a supplement to sex. He has a fantastically beautiful fantasy, but unfortunately lacks the proper mate who can appreciate and share it with him.

The fantasy itself is, to say the least, a beautiful one. He imagines himself as a Roman slave in a toga and thonged sandals laced up to his knees. His only desire is to fully satisfy a woman's whims. If sex is involved, okay. If it doesn't, so what? This is his attitude, hardly an unhealthy one. All he asks for in return is the love and understanding we all need through attention and consideration.

Wow ladies, what's the problem? The guy is devoted, unselfish, easy to deal with, expressive, without inhibitions. If I hold my breath and turn blue, I cannot understand why men—such as these—have such a difficult time finding partners. It almost makes me sad to say I'm female.

The true Great American Tragedy is the insensitiveness that women are feeling for men. You let a guy grope all over the most intimate parts of your body, but refuse him the small (Continued on page 94)

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

(Continued from page 23)

beyond me. But a lot of these men are "closet queens," respectfully married and have children. I guess they have to take their pleasures where they find them.

Between the ringing of my two phones, explanations of directions to the ladies bathroom (yes, I say to their dismay, you must go down the center aisle, in front of the screen, and turn left), and Windexing cum off the three-inch bullet proof glass window that I sit behind, I have plenty of time to wonder why I've been working here for over two years.

After two years of hearing the soundtrack of *Deep Throat*, "Why, Ms. Lovelace, you don't have one," it's no wonder I'm so crazy and obsessed with sex. It doesn't help watching these poor souls waiting for me to open the doors at 9:45 in the morning. Businessmen, usually of the sales persuasion, enter the door with their eyes averted to the dirty brown carpet muddied with the footprints of the last rain. Loud tourists in bright floral shirts with grabby hands always have travelers checks and want to know (with a sly smile) if I am in the movie. Black pimps shucking and jiving, argue that escorted "ladies" should get in free. Some enter very fast, hardly stooping to hand me their money. Some shuffle and pull crumpled bills from different pockets. A few are looking for women and want to make private rendezvous for later after Georgina and Linda have done their deeds. This is what I have to face at 9:45 in the morning.

Sometimes I'm late getting here to open. They're waiting for me with concerned and somewhat angry expressions on their faces—as though I might not have shown up—Their hands discreetly closed over their crotches. I almost feel guilty for having deprived them of even five minutes of dreaming that they have the cocks that Linda Lovelace is so fervently sucking on. So it goes. Straights to the right, fags to the left. All of them humping and grinding to the same end. Only the sexes have been changed to accomodate the viewers.

There is this one little black dude I get a laugh out of. He comes in here four or five times a night, on the straight side, paying five dollars each time he comes in, only to stay twenty or thirty minutes each time. Sometimes less. He does this same trip at several other theaters as well. The word gets around. I never see him leave with anyone so I'm sure he's giving blow jobs in the men's room. Whatever his trip is, he makes money at it.

Tonight, though, he's not around. Georgina Spelvin stares at me from her golden plaque on the wall. A Mexican tourist comes in and wants to know if I am the naked woman on the poster outside. He asks this in very broken English. I answer in very broken Spanish. No sir, that's Marilyn Chambers, reigning porn queen.

Around closing time I decide to go and harass the smokers. This is one of my little joys of working here. Being a nonsmoker, it pleases me to walk into the theaters with the carriage of an army sergeant, shine my flashlight into their faces, often catching them in the act of relieving themselves sexually, and go into my long and stern tirade on smoking in the "No Smoking" areas. They hate me. But what can they do? The law is on my side for a change. Sometimes I even throw them out. Does this sound sadistic? Well we all have our little idiosyncrasies. Someday some irate smoker, caught smoking in my theater and ejected will be waiting for me.

I was followed home one night. Not by a smoker, but by a gentleman I had threatened to call the police on. I was going to the back to lock the doors when I discovered this man sitting in the very back row. I walked over and told him that the movies were over for the night and that hs would have to leave now. He was a little drunk and made a grab for me (missing thankfully). He said that he hadn't gotten what he wanted from the movies, so he was going to get it from me. He was about three times my size so I didn't bother to argue with him, but ran immediately back to my bullet proof cashiers booth and barricaded myself in with the telephones and the chemical mace. I didn't want to call the law on him, you couldn't blame the poor man for being excited. But I wasn't about to offer customer satisfaction. That doesn't come with the admission price.

He came staggering to the front, pounding on my door. I told him to either leave or wait for the police. Whichever he preferred. I was about to start dialing when he decided to leave. I waited a couple of minutes and then locked the door behind him, keeping a sharp lookout with my mace. I thought that was the end of it. I finished locking up and went out to my car. I had driven about six blocks before I realized I was being followed. I thought at first, someone was just going my way, but after taking several turns and circling the block. I decided yes, someone was following me. I had been afraid of this happening, but until now had managed to avoid it. I took senseless turns, ran stop signs, backtracked. To no avail. He stayed with me. This guy was determined. I didn't want to lead him to my house so I drove to a male friend's place. I must have been doing 40 when I turned into his driveway. We waited on the front porch to see if the guy had stopped, but he saw I had help and decided to keep on going. The whole thing turned out to be perfectly harmless, but he sure scared the hell out of me.

I was surprised to find the blond fag still hanging around at closing time. He asked me if I had considered his proposition. Twenty-five for the night. I thought about it. I could have everything my way. I could totally indulge myself. No pampering of the male ego. No faked orgasms. If I wanted a head job, I could have a head job. If I wanted my tits carressed for two hours, I could have it. After all, I would be paying for it. He was goodlooking, hung (or so he said), and probably had a talented tongue, and a lot cheaper than most men I go out with when you consider the cost of cooking them a dinner or paying half the tabs . . . and usually ending up with someone who doesn't know one end of their dick from the other.

I finished my paper work for the night. Cleared out the remaining drunks and checked behind the screens for anyone hiding or fucking. It had ended up as a calm night. Oh, did I take the fag up on his proposition? Your damn right I did. And it was the best twenty-five dollars I ever spent. I even told him to give me a call the next time he was in Houston. Actually, you know what they say. A good fag is hard to find.

THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 26)

meant nothing to me then. We spent hours walking around the Village trying to score. It was a wonderful adventure for me. We finally scored and took a bus to Chinatown to get incense and walked to my pad on Mott Street. Again, Tom ate me and, again, I saw "visions" but I would not allow him to fuck me. The pot made me too paranoid. The next day, we smoked again and walked to a Spanish restaurant, a funky hole in the wall with a jukebox and a blackboard with a chalk list of Spanish names for food over the counter. I felt as if I were in some wonderful, far away country.

***

One day T.J. said he wanted to talk to me. We ducked into my pad and he took out some white powder. He urged me to taste it. It was bitter. I was soon flying.

We again attempted to fuck. I just tightened up against him. We had a long conversation about T.J.'s childhood and then went to see some friends. The building had a high, gothic lobby which reminded me of a church. We walked up all five flights. (Everyone seemed to live on the fifth floor in those days.) Inside, a man and a woman were sitting on a bed. The man, Nick, was shirtless, tattooed and wild looking. The woman Paulette, was plump and wholesome looking with a broad face and high cheekbones, hair parted in the middle.

Someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I'd like you to meet Jim. I turned and looked into a pair of kindly, intelligent, intellectual and powerfully hypnotic eyes that seemed to draw me in as to the bottom of a pool. My eyes never left his all night. We moved to a corner of the room where we sat on the floor and Jim showed me his paintings. They were abstract. I didn't know what to make of them so I began praising them extravagantly. Suddenly they looked as great as I had been saying they were. Jim gave me a brush and I started creating my own paintings. Someone told me I was spattering paint on my pants. I didn't care. Later, those paint-spattered pants were to

(Continued on page 58)

MY BUST

BY HONESUCKLE DIVINE

The story which answers the question: "Why would the Puritan Establishment seek to put a nice, refined young lady like Honeysuckle Divine behind bars?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER HURD
PRODUCED BY RICHARD MILNER

I, Honeysuckle Divine, being of sound mind and weak body, do hereby declare before God and the readers of CHERI that I am innocent of the charge of "open lewdness and criminal conspiracy" brought against me by the Philadelphia Police Department.

I'm sick and tired of going to court to listen to the prosecution accuse me of public masturbation. I think they really don't believe I was masturbating—they'd like to convict me on it because it carries a stiffer penalty than simple obscenity.

My act onstage is a comedy act, before an audience which paid to see it, and not even remotely connected to serious sexual stimulation. The prosecution is trying to put it on a level with the Falcone case—in which a man masturbated on the street in front of little girls! Judge Francis P. Cosgrove found me guilty, with a choice of a $1,500 fine or 90 days in jail. Judge Lisa Richette of the Superior Court "quashed" the case, stating that she did not consider shooting nuts out of the vagina, or Jergen's Lotion, or blowing out candles with it as masturbation. Men seem to have weird ideas about how women masturbate. Some of them don't know the clitoris exists, or what it's for, or whether it's inside or outside the vagina. A woman judge would know our anatomy much better. But I have *men* arresting and prosecuting and

"I think God created sex as a joke and some fool took it seriously and called it Sin. . . ."

MY BUST

judging me on a matter about which I feel they have very little knowledge. I've even offered to take a lie detector test to state that I was *not* masturbating onstage.

After Judge Richette dismissed the charges, I went back to performing—and was re-arrested on the same grounds. The prosecution claims that each time I'm onstage I do my act differently. But everyone knows it's always basically the same. I intend to take my case to the Supreme Court, and then, if I lose, I'll ask the President for a pardon. I urge everyone to vote for President Ford in November, because I think he's my best chance of being pardoned.

I don't blame the police officers of Philadelphia. Actually, they've been pretty nice to me. The trouble must come from someone in authority below the D.A. in power, as the D.A. refused to prosecute the second arrest. However, at that point the department threatened to appoint a special prosecutor.

Some people blame Mayor Rizzo,

but I know he's not that cruel or evil. He may be a religious person, but he's kindhearted—I know, because he did me a favor a long, long time ago.

On November 13, 1959, I ran away from a convent in Philadelphia. I had been a postulant at the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart, in the Melrose Park area, for three months (a postulant is the first step in the training to be a nun). After six months a postulant becomes a novice and, after several years, a novice becomes a nun. I loved the nuns and the convent life, but I couldn't undersand the spiritual lessons they tried to teach me. I felt a strong inner compulsion to run away.

Once I was gone I realized I'd better call and tell them I was okay. But if the Mother Superior spoke to me I'd break down and go back. So instead I called the Missing Persons Bureau and said that if the convent reported me, please tell them I was fine. A police matron and detective came to me and helped me get civilian clothes, and took me to dinner. Then they drove me to the airport and saw that I got safely home to Rock Island, Illinois.

MY BUST

Before they put me on the plane they took me to the Police station, where I met the Chief of Police—who is now Mayor Rizzo. He told me, "I want you to know we don't provide this service for everyone. I'm only doing it because Mother Superior asked me to."

That's the only time I met him. But I think the Mayor still remembers me as that runaway postulant, and if he's the one behind my arrest, I forgive him. I knew he wouldn't do it out of malice, but rather because of his religious convictions.

There seems to be a political power struggle going on in the city. They are having a 're-call' election to run the mayor out even after he clearly won the *real* election. I think that the same authorities who are trying to get rid of him are trying to put me in jail.

But their evil will fall back upon them. Evil defeats itself—wait and see, evil ones. I give you the curse of curses. May the wrath of God fall upon you. Because I do *not* consider my comedy burlesque act sinful. *In fact, I think God created sex as a joke and some fool took it seriously and called it a sin.* So much ado about nothing. God is much more

"I have men arresting and prosecuting me on a matter they know very little about: masturbation."

concerned about spiritual matters, like kindness and charity, than with physical things such as sex. People who are mean and cruel are the evil ones on this earth.

Here's a brief history of my arrest, in case you're not familiar with it:

In December of 1974 I was arrested at the Locust Cinema, at 13th and Locust in Philadelphia, on charges of "open lewdness and criminal conspiracy." Tom Rizzo, the owner (no relation to the Mayor) was arrested with me, and together we were accused of "conspiring" to present my "lewd" performance.

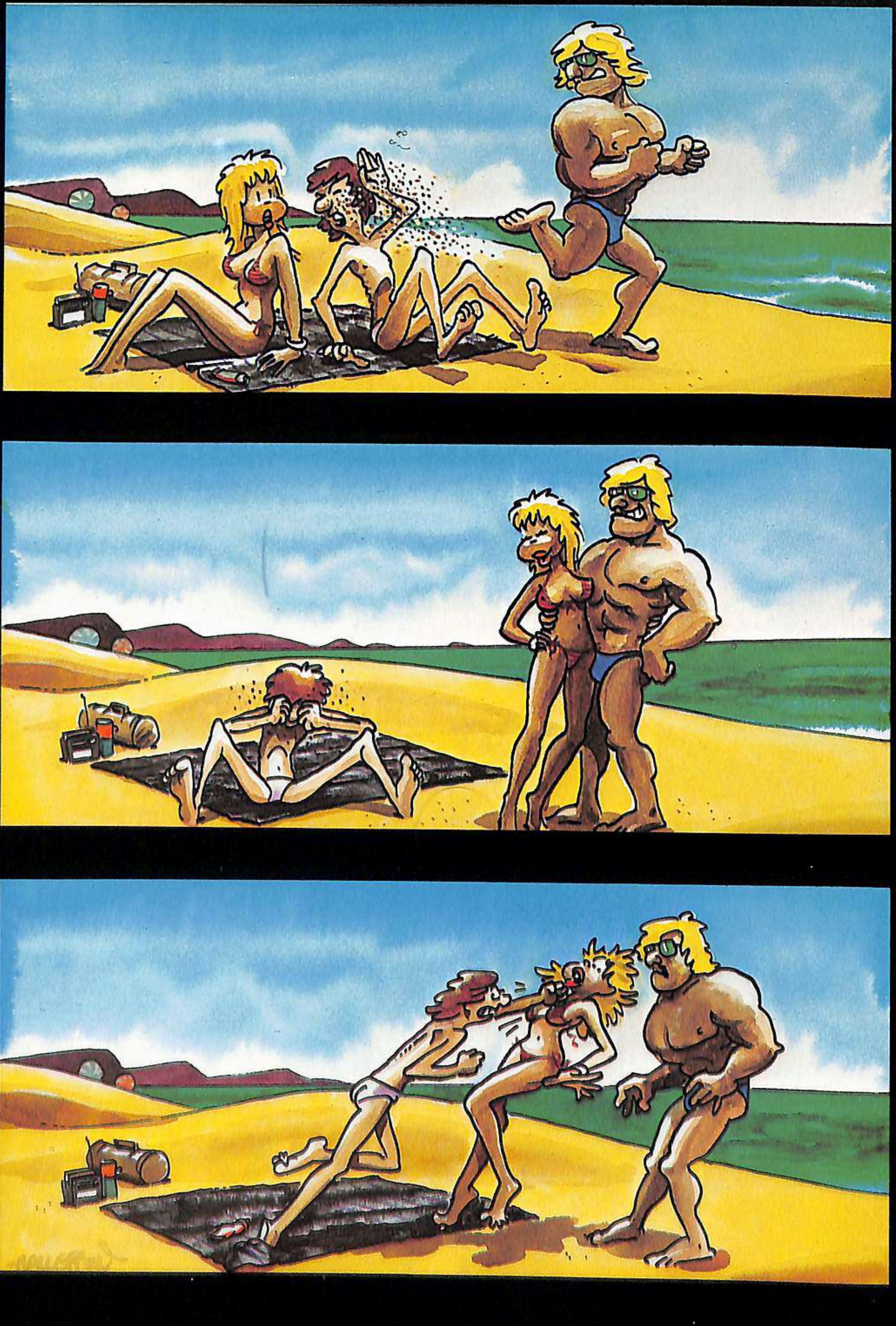
Tom was in my movie, *S.O.S.*, in which he lit a cigarette sticking out of my pussy. The sequence had just been filmed, in Philadelphia, two days before. On our second arrest, they even called Tom a "public nuisance."

Now he's closed the theater and turned it into a juice bar, the "Golden 33 Club." People bring their own beer and booze and he sells mixers. At intermission he plays his favorite song, Frank Sinatra's "I Did It My Way."

Anyway, the arresting officer, Tom Ford, described my act in vivid detail to the courtroom. Everyone burst out laughing when he said I popped nuts out of my vagina and the audience caught them. He even gave Judge Cosgrove a publicity picture I was giving out to my customers and requested that it be entered as "Exhibit A." I was nude, with peanut butter *(Continued on page 73)*

MY BUST

"If I lose, I'll ask the President for a pardon. I urge everyone to vote for President Ford, as I believe he is my best chance for getting a pardon."



DOCTOR DEMONSTRATES PENIS ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Studies have shown this method to be reliable and safe. While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual case histories—a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by *Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D.,* Consultant Editor to Penthouse Forum.

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

Dr. Robert Chartham Ph.D. is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement — the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. 'The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next used these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then tested his method with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is $39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the mail.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

If no results are achieved after carrying out the Chartham Method as directed a full refund will be made on its return to us.

THE CHARTHAM METHOD

CM-152

MODERN AGE PRODUCTS, INC. • P.O. BOX 5154, FDR STATION • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

CM-152

Please send me the complete Chartham Method. I have enclosed $39.95 which includes postage and handling.

N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Signature ____________________ *I am over 18 years of age*

Interbank No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Exp. Date ☐☐ ☐☐ Mo. Year

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

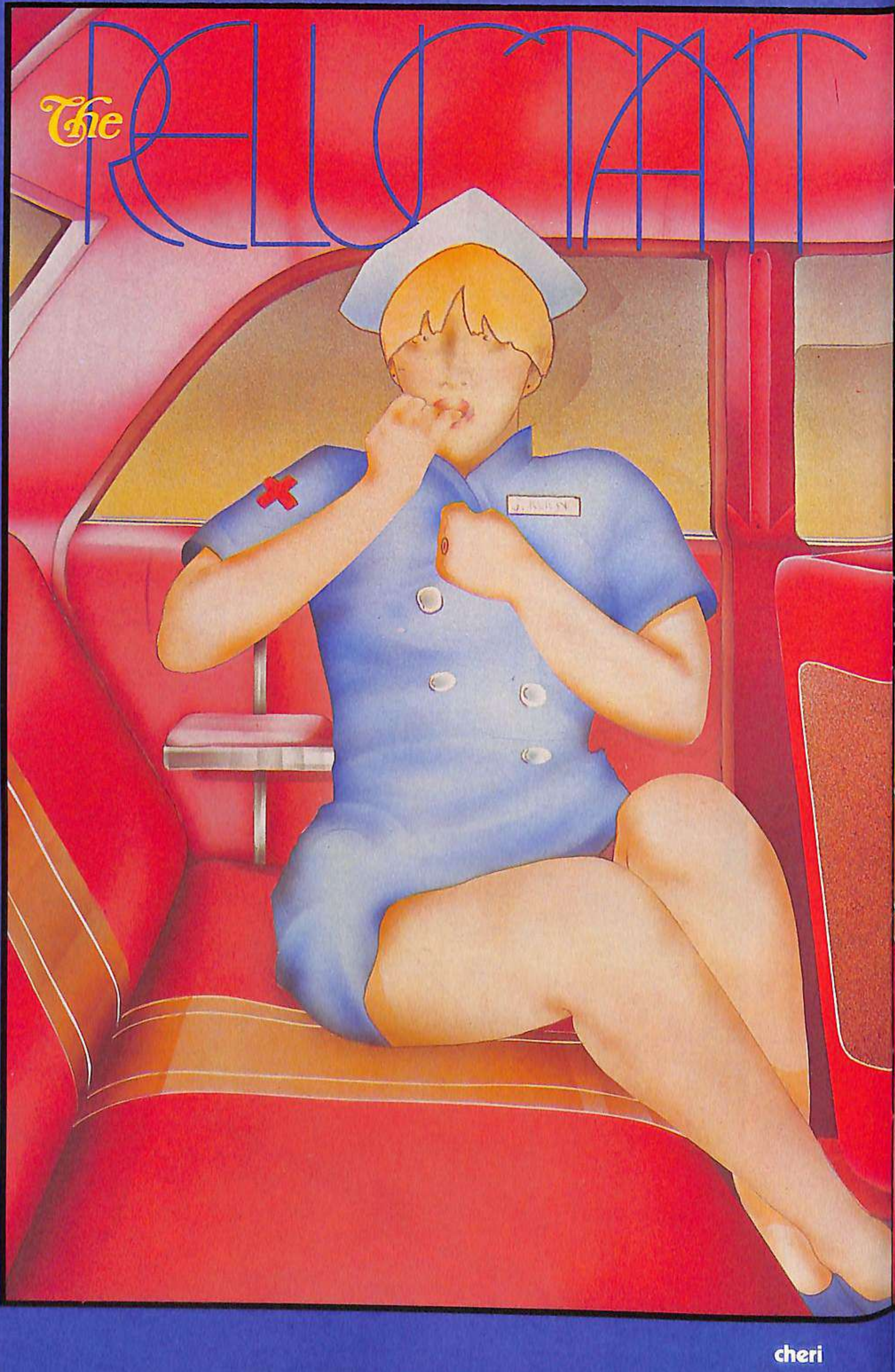
To charge, you must sign your name above, as it appears on your credit card.

If coupon is removed, write to: Modern Age Products, Inc. 2 West 45th Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

The RELUCTANT RAPIST

He was good at being scarier'n shit . . but he was *great* at being scared shitless.

By Norman Schreiber



W. Peter Turner

I hid in a doorway like I always do. It's a drag to windowshop at four in the morning but the element of surprise is very important. I heard her footsteps and my whole body tightened. When I knew I was ready, I took a deep breath and walked onto the street.

This one was a nurse. Her uniform shimmered in the darkness. She was probably walking from the hospital to the parking lot. Her breasts and ass were solid. Her body gave off warm vibrations.

When she saw me she stopped. I'm tall and muscular and my face is compellingly ugly. When I make a sudden appearance it's got to be threatening. Even if I didn't look in a mirror I'd know this because they stop. I can't see their eyes but I know they're scared. I watch the way they bring their hands close to their bodies and the way their shoulders try to pull them back. She made up her mind that if she could just get past me; if she could just get to the parking lot everything would be all right. I walked over to her and she knew. I stood in front of her and she knew.

"Miss," I said softly, "Do you have a cigarette?"

"No," she said. She looked at me nonchalantly as if she had just noticed me. But I could see her eyes now and her pupils were very small. I looked at her and smiled.

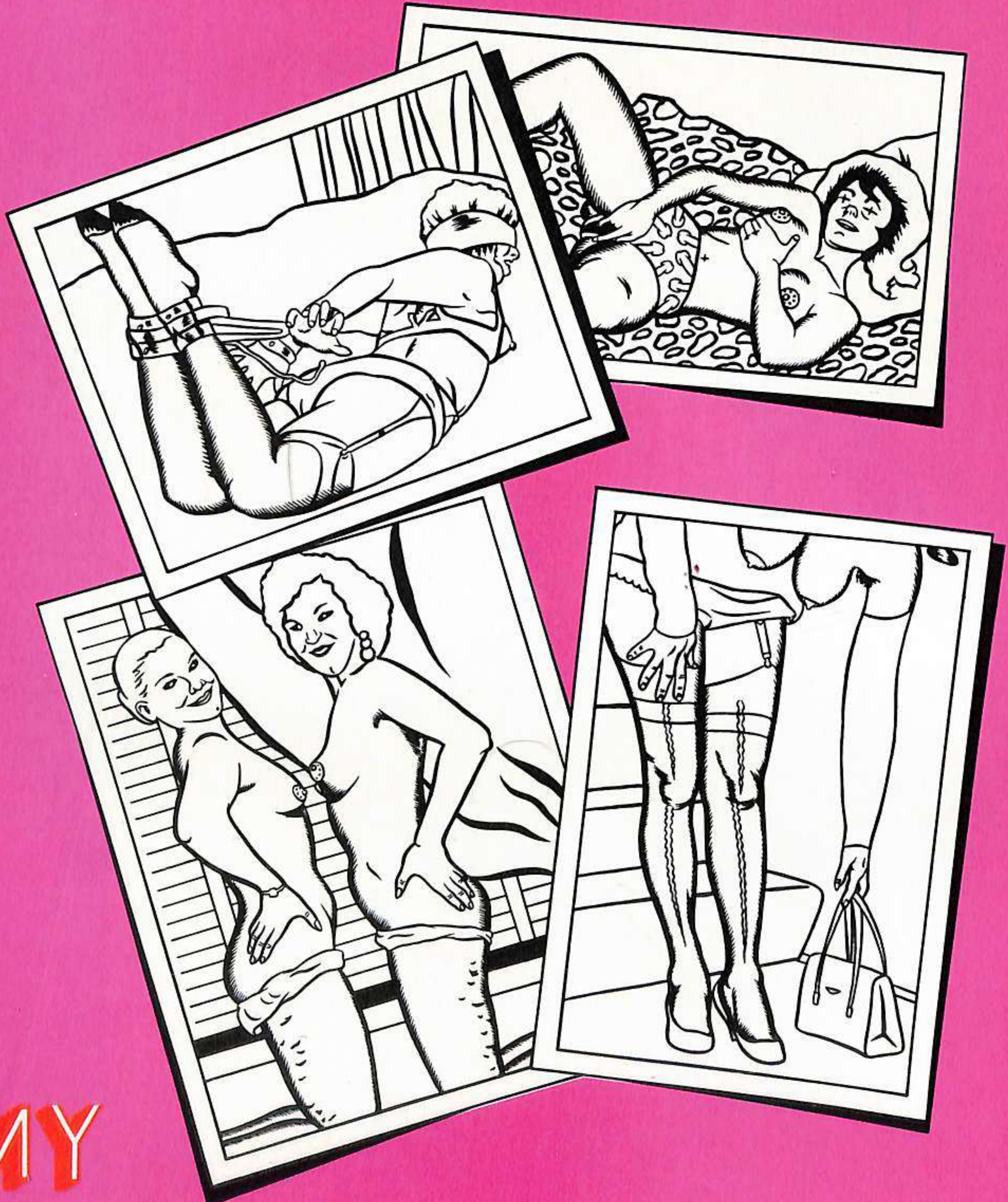
"Well, then, do you know what time it is?"

"No, my watch stopped."

"Oh, to hell with it." I put my hands on her throat and made sure she could feel the pressure of my fingers. "I'm in it for the money," I told

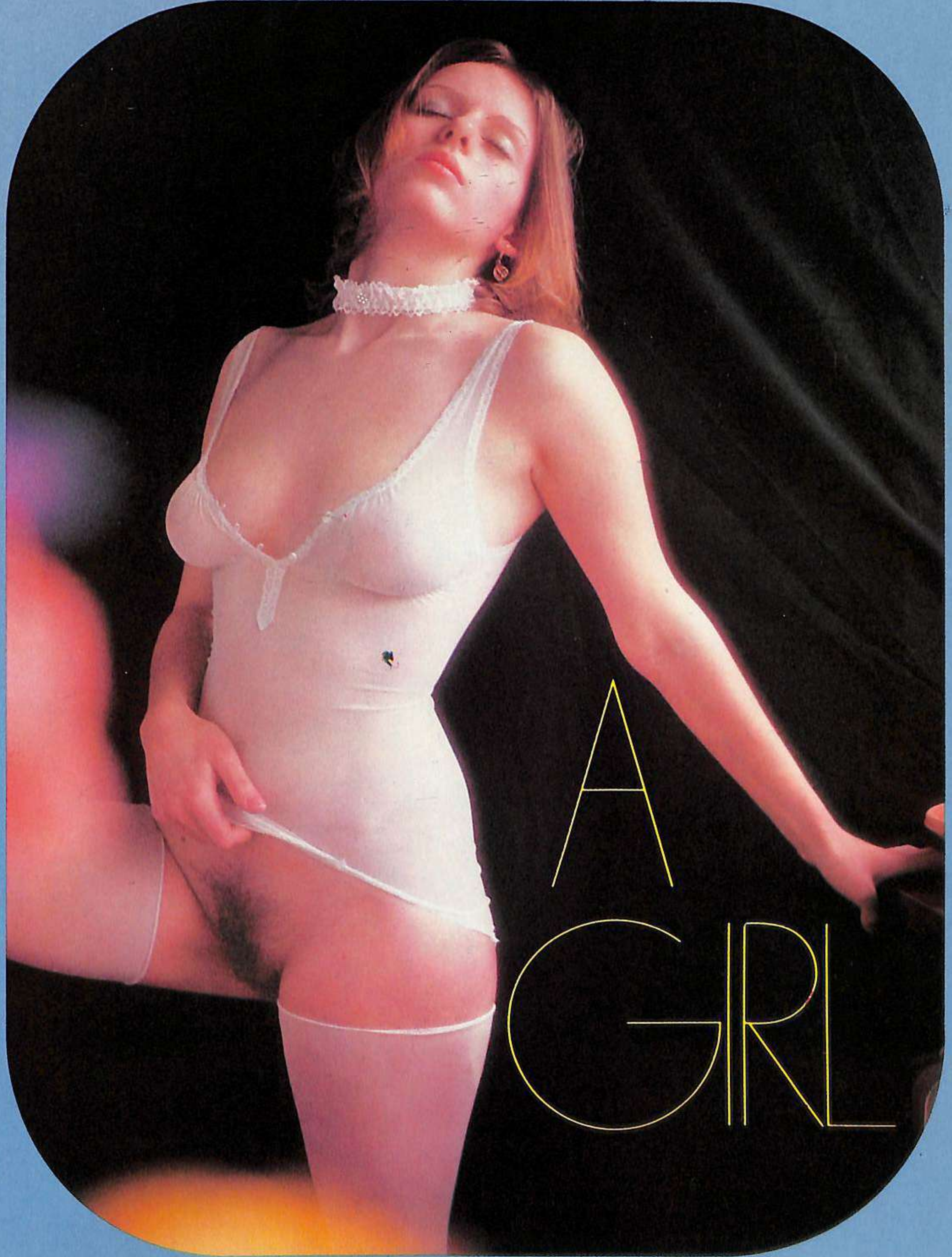
(Continued on page 72)

RUTHIE'S COLORING PAGE OF THE MONTH



MY SUMMER VACATION

RUTH MARTEN

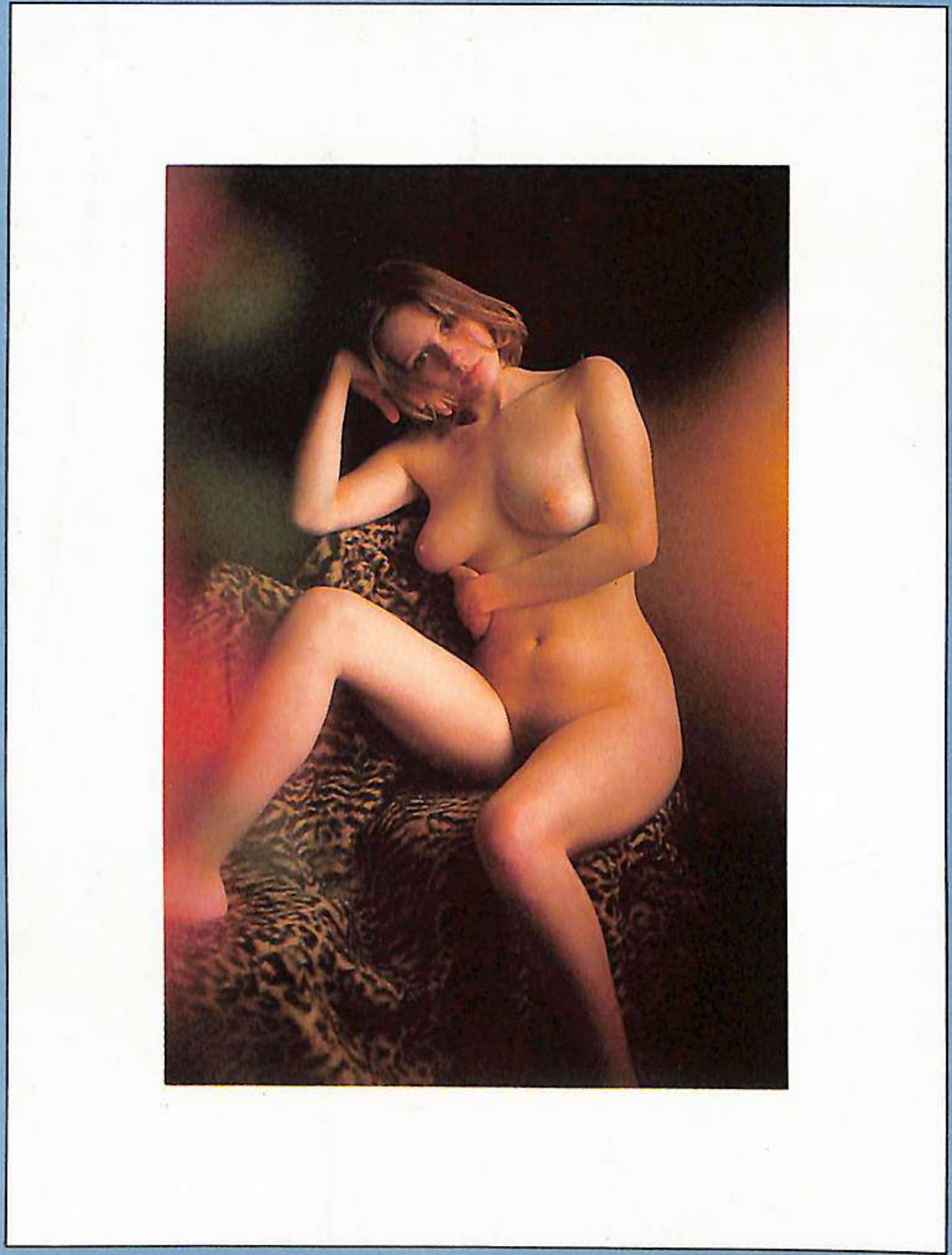


A GIRL

Girlie sets are the albatross of men's magazines. They are, by definition, abusive, and intrusive.

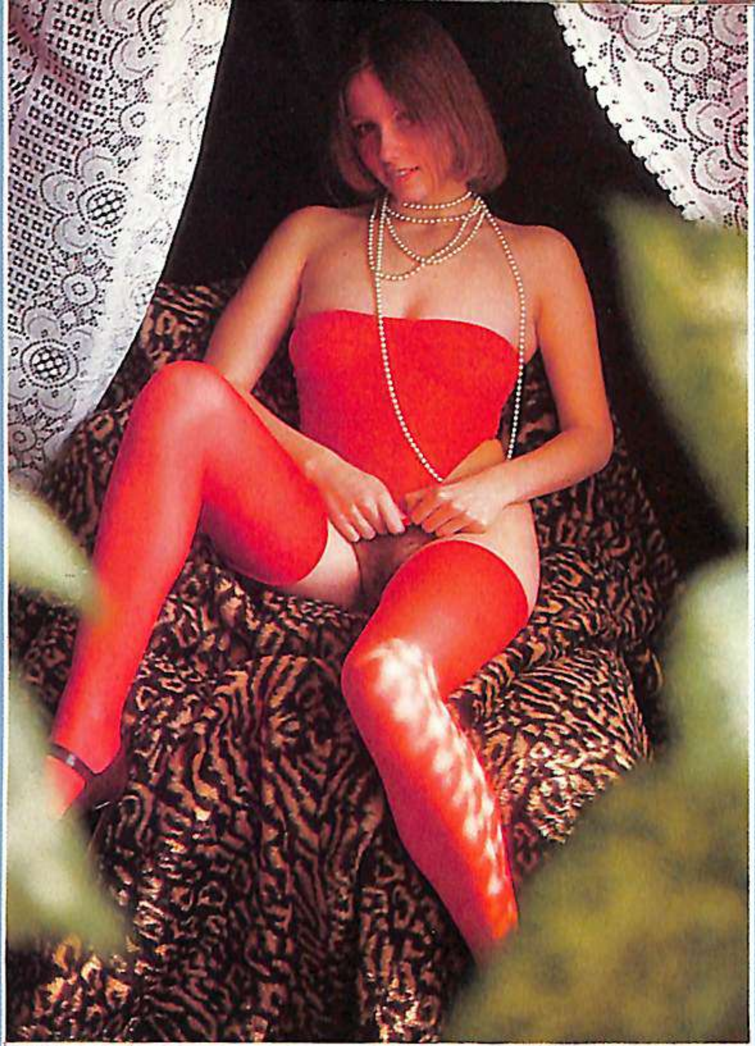
"Girlie copy," the moronic, warmed-over bullshit that saturates the pages of all sex magazines, has got to go. So, in fact, do "girlie sets"—the kind of thing you're looking at right now. If it were up to us, we'd kiss-ass on the whole tradition. But the people who put this book out on the stands get confused when they don't see a pretty girl, done up real cute like they do in *Penthouse*. They figure maybe we've got a medical mag or something.

This is a girl. She has two boobs, a pussy, and a sweet face.



Now consider our problem. We've got these pictures, taken by some foreigner photographer of a chick who doesn't speak English and sold to us by a guy who talks like he just got off the boat. We know diddlyshit about them, less about her. What are we going to write? In Europe, tits and ass done deaf-mute-style go over big. Here in the States, we like some info about the chick. We want to get involved in her, *with her*. So *Playboy* came along and started to print all this supergoodygoody hype about hobbies and kid brothers, just about everything you could care less about when it came to a nice set of boobs and buns.

If the girl
in these
pictures reads
this, would she
please call us
and tell us
who she is?



Okay, so then along came the "revolutionaries." *Playboy*'s girlie copy, they said, was ridiculous and puritanical. So all the "bold, new" magazines had the girls tell you how much and how often they liked to suck and fuck. But the fact was that these so-called "revolutionary" ideas were all made up and concocted in the head of some desk-bound editor who wouldn't know a cunt from a hole in his blotter. It was just the same old meaningless fiction. Here at CHERI, we would prefer it if every story were accompanied by a real-life interview. Occasionally, like right here, we can't do this. But from now on, we'll try to say nothing at all if there's nothing truthful to say.

BE A BETTER LOVER!

GOLD FINGER

The only vibrator that looks chic on a dressing table. Goldfinger is sculptured in silk smooth black plastic. Coated with eighteen carat gold top and band. Goldfinger is a fabulous female teaser pleaser which vibrates from a low purr to an ecstatic buzz. Buy it for her now, in a beautiful gift box. She will love you for it.

$12.95 CODE No. 713

DR RICHARD'S RING

Possibly THE BEST DEVIÇE YET produced for maintaining an erection. This simple, medically designed and approved device gives you heightened pleasure and greater staying power. Will fit all sizes and the pressure can be adjusted to suit the individual.

CODE 308 **$9.95**

SUPER STUD

The Ultimate Vibrator

Super Stud has dual controls. One sliding switch controls speed—you can have it vibrate with the toughness you desire or the gentleness you require. The second sliding switch controls thrust—yes! Super Stud will thrust up and down and rotate round and round. Extends to a full 7¾". It does much more than a finger, as much as the real thing. You will never again use any other vibrator—Super Stud! CODE 457 **$24.95**

THE NEW
PHALLIC VIBRATOR

This powerful vibrator will tingle your nerves, vibrate every fibre of your body and lift you right up to the highest level of complete enjoyment and fulfilment. Use it alone or with your partner. You control its every move, every vibration, every rhythmic thrust of concentrated stimulation. Undoubtedly the finest of them all. Measures: 1½" in diameter by 8" long.

$14.95
CODE 180

THE TICKLER

Four different click-in heads—each skillfully thrill shaped for personal massage—makes the *Tickler* a deep purring delight. Its throbbing power and interchangeable heads create a penetrating sense of ease and pleasure. Batteries included.

$12.95
CODE 508

SEX ENCYCLOPEDIA

Over 100 full color pictures with frank descriptions reveal in detail all aspects of human sexuality. Sharp color pictures show exactly how the most thrilling sex acts are performed, such as: cunnilingus, fellatio, masturbation, and many others.

Code 705 **$16.95**

SENSATIONS OF SEX

Dr. Robert Chartham's latest sex guide to the Sensations of Sex. This record-breaking illustrated guide to love which contains numerous full page photographs of beautiful naked couples in the full throes of love, and, for the first time, actual pictures of intercourse and fellatio, group sex, etc., plus a comprehensive instructive text on sexual techniques.

Code 168 **$5.95**

EXTASX

Introducing the world's first only SUCK vibrator ever produced. It moves up and down extending and contracting smoothly without a sound, lifting you to the highest level of sexual fulfillment now in the privacy of your home, office . . . or anywhere you go you can be stimulated, exhilarated and aroused by this cunning device.

CODE 712 **$39.95**

TEMPTATION

The World's first and only vibrator to move up and down. **Temptation** is a dual action delight. Switch on, and it's softly cushioned rubber vibrates purringly. Push the switch to the **second** position and it begins a straight up-and-down movement extending and contracting with smooth power. An exquisitely sensual experience beyond description or imagination. Measures: 1½" in diameter, 7" long and thrusts to a full 7¾"

$19.95 CODE 184

THE REMOTE CONTROL
VIBRATING EGG

After centuries of use in the Far East by girls who liked to tickle their fancy, the sex-egg has at last been switched on!. Brand new, this delicious female teaser-pleaser is a perfectly shaped, Ultra-smooth egg which vibrates from a low purr to an ecstatic brr......, under her own control.

Whether used internally or externally, the *Vibrating Egg* is equally thrill-sending, perfectly safe to use, and comes to you boxed, with batteries, for instant delight. **$14.95** CODE 507

PROLONG

For the high performance man! Love longer and stronger. Amaze your partners with your virility and staying power. The application of this remarkable cream to the head and the whole shaft of the penis, will desensitize the nerve zones of the skin surface enabling you to extend your lovemaking capabilities.

Overcome your pre-ejaculation problems, maintain your erection, time your explosion to match the orgasm of your partners.

PROLONG

$4.99
OR
$8.00
FOR THE
FULL COURSE

CODE No. 800

The PENISATOR

. . . gently and tantalizingly stimulates and excites the male organ whilst transmitting its vibrant thrills to the most sensitive erogenous zones of the female the natural way —via the male organ.

Placed in position in a second—unobtrusive in use—universal fitting. The PENISATOR is also a valuable aid to attaining an erection quickly. Glide it up and down the limp penis and it will produce an erection faster than any other means of stimulation.

$19.95
CODE 502

LOVELY LINDA — the sexy doll.

Every man's dream comes true with Linda, the maiden who never says no, who is always ready and is never satisfied. Linda is realistic in every way–beautiful big open mouth, full breasts and soft inviting parts from the front and back, always ready and willing to make your wildest fantasies come true, plus a miniature power pack to control the intensity of the tingling, vibrating sensations. Linda is almost better than the real thing!

$39.95 CODE 305

If coupon has been removed, write to: Modern Age Products, Inc., 2 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

MP-129

MODERN AGE PRODUCTS, INC. MP-129
P.O. Box 5154, FDR Station • New York, N.Y. 10022

CODE NO.	CODE NO.	CODE NO.	CODE NO.

Please rush me the items I have ordered above. I have enclosed my check or money order to cover the cost of the items ordered plus $.75 for each item ordered to cover the cost of mailing and handling. I am over 18 years of age.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

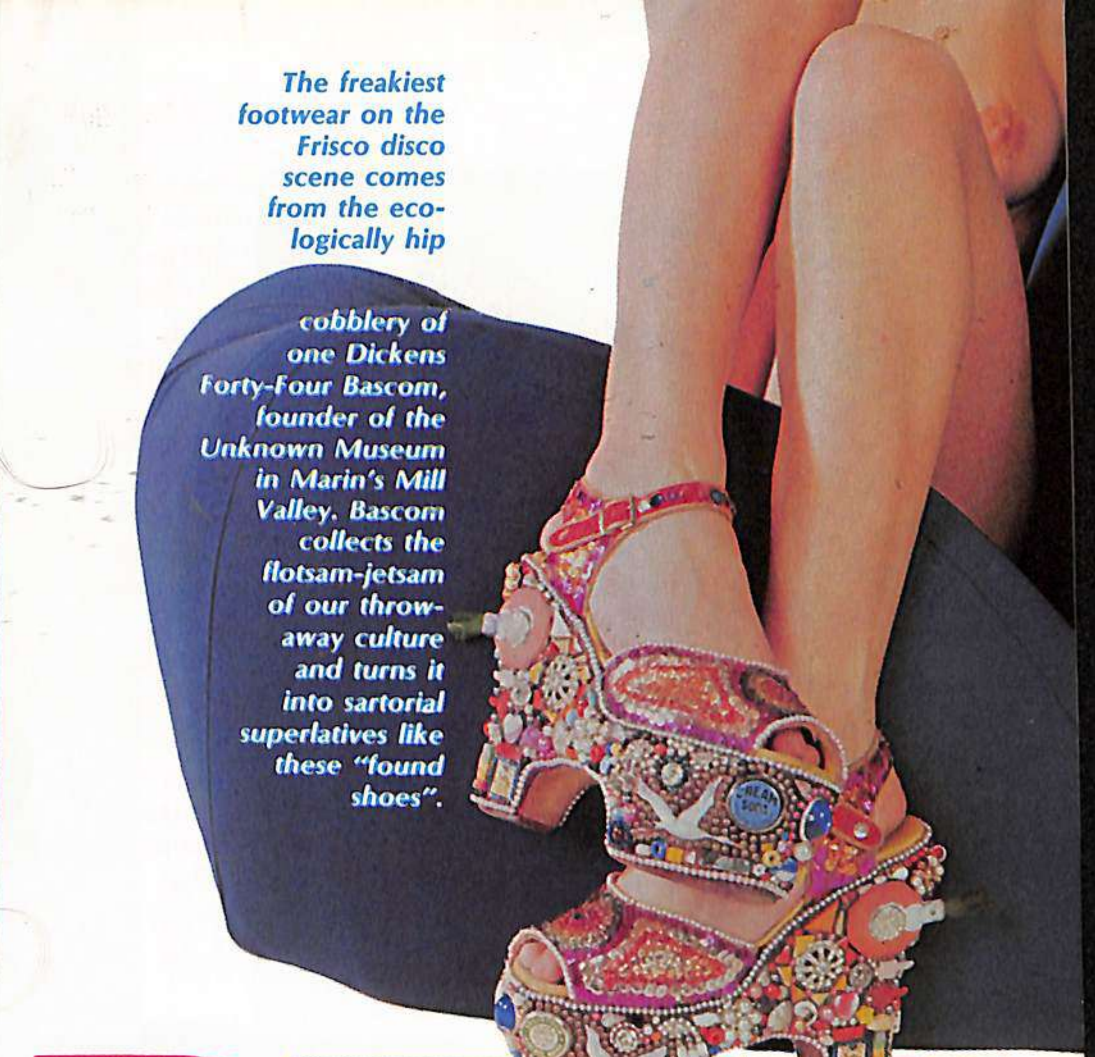
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________

Signature X ____________________

Sign your name as it appears on credit card.

Interbank No. ________ Exp. Date ________ Mo. Year

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge



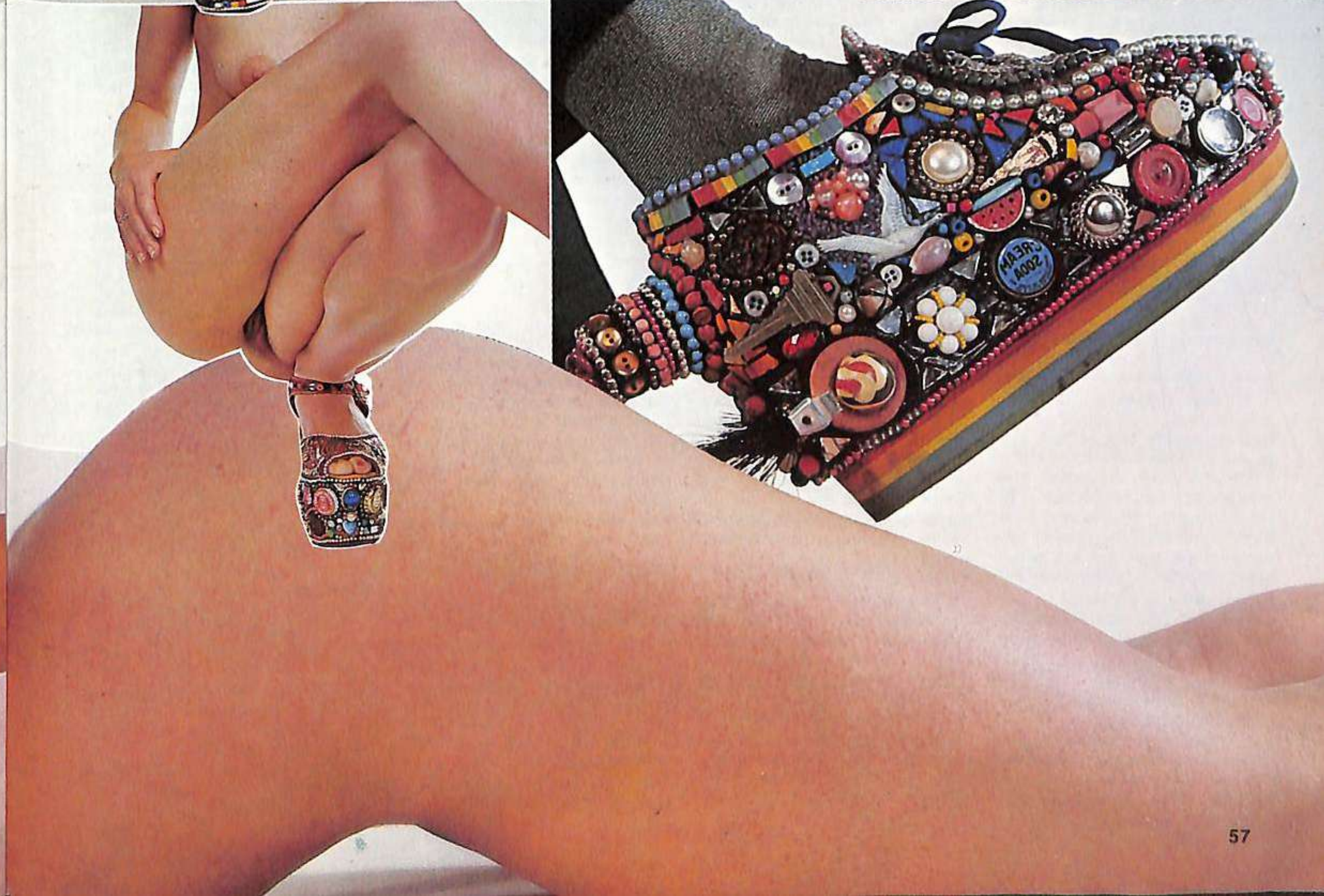
The freakiest footwear on the Frisco disco scene comes from the ecologically hip cobblery of one Dickens Forty-Four Bascom, founder of the Unknown Museum in Marin's Mill Valley. Bascom collects the flotsam-jetsam of our throw-away culture and turns it into sartorial superlatives like these "found shoes".

NEW SHOES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTO MORRISON

This funky footwear recycles trash, repatriates plastic, reglorifies schlock. The funky cunts who wear them, however, are junk-foot-fed, weaned on tacos, whoppers, and jujubes. It's a trendy mesh.

Bascom says his mosaicked mounts will curse wearers with brief, although passionate, love lives. On your garden-variety Barry White Saturday night, however, they're sheer dyn-O-mite, putting muscle in your hustle and class in your grass. The pussycats pictured here wore them one day and went into an aphrodisiac frenzy. If you have a lot of bread (and patience—these beauties take a month to make and they're all one-of-a-kind), you might want to give old Forty-Four a look-see or an airmail missive, c/o The Unknown Museum, Mill Valley, California. Oh yeah, it helps if your o.l. has the gams of a strumpet and a real trashy ass. •



THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 30)

become especially valued. The night went in a flash.

I kept taking more and more amphetimine, this time from a needle Jim had. At one point, Jim looked into my eyes and said, "Baby, you've got to go through the mill." I replied, "I know," not having the slightest idea what we were talking about. As the day started dawning, Jim took me into the kitchen and locked the door, giving us privacy. There we took our clothes off. We lay on the floor and Jim kept telling me to relax. I felt very nervous though. Soon Jim cleared out the front room and broughh me back there when everyone had gone. There he balled me for quite a few hours. The others came back and we were still at it. I felt uneasy on T.J.'s account, but he didn't seem to mind. He, Paulette and Nick just sat around and casually chatted. They were talking about a drug freakout someone had gone through. Someone had started seeing bugs but thought they were really there so he did not realize he was freaking out.

Jim told me to stop moving around so much underneath him. Jim was saying, tensely, challengingly. "Now I'm going to kiss your eye." I wondered why he would announce such an innocuous act with such a battling tone. Then I was walking across a dark room. I kept bumping into furniture. The pain was not the kind of pain you'd feel from bumping into furniture though. It was extreme. With every pain, I heard a wild, animal scream. I knew, somewhere in my head, that I was the one who was screaming.

***

I was lying on my back, nude. Jim was fully clothed with other people, also fully clothed. They were chatting. A girl kept calling Jim, "jive motherfucker". She obviously felt completely comfortable with him. Everyone was comfortable and together. I was the only one who was naked and freaked out. I wondered why. Much later, I opened my eyes. The people I had met the night before were here. The others had gone. I felt apologetic without knowing why. I did not know what had happened the night before. Jim smirked. "I had to spank you last night." He continued with the following story:

"You were moving around so much. I kept fucking you, not because I wanted to, but just to hold you down. Finally, I smacked you and told you to stop moving. Then you started getting sexy, saying, 'Hit me! Hit me!' And I *was* hitting you," he said, acting it out in pantomime.

Now I was more embarrassed than ever, but the subject was closed as far as everyone was concerned. I thought I needed some more speed. That would make everything groovy like the night before. Jim gave me shots only reluctantly now. Later, he started balling me. I was tired but let him do it so he could get off. To my horror, I looked up and saw T.J. climbing over me. I sputtered that I was only trying to let Jim cum as I was too tired myself. I did not want T.J. Jim said he did not care about cumming. He could fool around all night. Since I was tired, he put Paulette in the bed with me and told us to "cuddle up." We were left alone. Paulette started playing with my pussy and I with hers. I kept forgetting to move my hand and was soon asleep.

I grew progressively more disoriented the longer I stayed in that pad. It all ended when T.J. suggested we go to my place and collect some of my things. Once out of there, I started to feel myself again and I realized I was not going back.

My physical condition only slowly became apparent to me. My ass and back were sore and bruised. I had large second degree burns on my arm and chest. My scalp was broken out in white pimples and one eye was bloodshot. T.J. then really turned me on to a horror when he said, "I guess you would like to know what was really happening. You were a toy to them, a sex toy.

"They took me out for a while that night when everything happened. When I came back, Jim was going to 'take you on a subway ride.'"

"You mean . . . "

"He was going to dump you on a train, 'cause he thought you were dying and he didn't want to be stuck with the corpse. But I didn't let him."

"You saved my life!"

T.J. shrugged modestly and continued, "They all left and I went to clean you up. I noticed you were choking on something. It was sperm. One of them had jerked off into your mouth before he left.

"It's only when you started refusing sex that I decided to take you out of there. Otherwise, I would have left you there. I would have figured you belonged there."

We got to my apartment. Tom said, "They have your address but I don't think they will come here. If they do, I'll protect you."

I could not stay there after that, so we stayed at a neighbor's place. T.J. slept. I was afraid to close my eyes. I was afraid of the images I might see. It was a long night.

Next morning, we went to Long Island where T.J. had a friend. I wanted to get as far away from New York and Jim as possible. It was a long ride and we were both totally exhausted. We got off the train and walked down a long country street with heavy green trees sheltering the houses. We got to one house and a nervous woman rushed me upstairs and told me to get some sleep. I still couldn't sleep. I looked at some *True Confessions* magazines on the night table. I thought of how much more exciting my story was than any story in the magazines and I felt a certain pride in having gone through it. The excitement and pride gripped my soul and took possession of my consciousness and transformed the nightmare into a thrilling dream. I've been high on it ever since.

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 25)

Another witness was Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of the Kinsey reports on sexual behavior in America, and now director of the Sex Education and Information Council of the U.S. He said that sex researchers have found little regional differences in sex attitudes and practices. He referred to specific research done in Kansas.

Brendan Gill, the renowned movie, book, and drama critic for *The New Yorker* magazine, also gave testimony. He told jurors that both magazines *have* serious literary and artistic value.

A reference librarian for Wichita Public Library testified that the local library stocks a large selection of sexually explicit information and illustrations which are not censored and are available to persons over grade school age. These publications are kept in a restricted area, she said, not because of their nature, but because they are so popular and are often stolen.

Another Menninger Foundation psychiatrist disagreed with Dr. Menninger's opinion, and found the magazines, to him, appealing to the average person's prurient interests and "patently offensive."

Although many highly respected authorities testified on Goldstein's and Buckley's behalf, the mostly middle-aged jury of eight women and four men still found them guilty of the federal charges. The defense attorneys will ask the judge to set aside the verdict. Otherwise, they will appeal.

How Goldstein and Buckley could be found guilty in 1976, is difficult to understand, even in Wichita, Kansas, where the John Birchers are many, according to a radio show that I listened to, the last time I was in Wichita.

In this advanced age ot technology and superslick color publications, it's hard to believe that *Screw* with all its material in black and white on non-slick paper, can appeal to the so-called "prurient" interests of very many. *Screw* is a dynamite publication, that fulfills definite needs, and Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley (Jim is no longer connected with the publication of *Screw*), are two super guys, but the fact is, although I love *Screw*, Al, and Jim, I have never been "driven" to sex because of, or by means of, *Screw* magazine.

Regarding the terms "obscene" and "obscenity," a brilliant attorney once said to me, that "obscenity" was a state of individual mind and "obscene" was in the eyes of the beholder.

I do not find *Screw* magazine obscene. I *do* find broken, battered bodies of little children, the innocent victims of war, an obscenity committed by man. And I would certainly think twice about going to a doctor who could find *Screw* magazine obscene.

A bust has halted, at least temporarily, the latest vogue in summertime sex on the Lake of the Ozarks, in south-central Missouri, by closing down an alleged "boat of ill repute" operating on the lake as a massage club. The Missouri Water Patrol said they had received complaints about the club. "Deluxe his and hers" massages and stag films were a couple of the massage club offerings that had been advertised in newspapers.

Following up the complaints, a water patrol agent boarded the

(Continued on page 94)

Photo by E. James

The Newest Profession

By Diana Hawkins

The man in the photo above is hard at work. He gets paid for doing what most men pay to do: turn women on. Charles Huffman is the best male practitioner of a new art: sex surrogacy. This is his story.

Chuck Huffman is a warm, appealing guy, casually magnetic to the world at large and absolutely self-confident in the company of women. Given this irresistible charm he could have become a pimp, gynecologist or cosmetics salesman but he has found a function even more central to the feminine psyche. He makes his living teaching women how to attain their orgasmic potential; he shows them, briefly put, everything they wanted to know about fucking but were too hung-up to ask.

Chuck is a fully certified sex surrogate, a licensed stud graduate from a program structured by the psychologists Hartman and Fithian. The whole procedure could be one long dirty joke, or worse, granted our society's long-running hostility towards a full erotic life, but his training includes muscle control, behavioral modification and a form of body-brainwashing that non-intimate therapy could never accomplish, in the opinion of most experts in the field. In the past five years he has helped hundreds of women to become fully sexual human beings, to turn on to themselves and their partners, to see themselves as instruments of pleasure.

It is a curious thing, this being the Elmer Gantry of great sex. There are those of us who would claim that teaching someone to fuck is on a par with teaching a sea otter to swim. I think it was Dionne Warwick who remarked on some stone-bore of a TV talk show that the recent spate of sex books were "like showing somebody how to take a bath." But the fact is that sexual therapy is a huge quasi-industry ranging from loosely-run 'touch' groups to personal psychiatric analysis at enormous expense, obviously fulfilling a deeply-felt need.

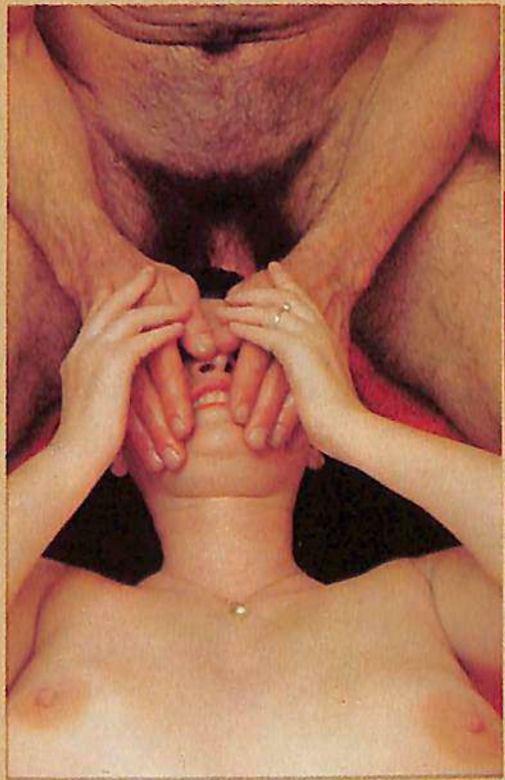
"Even people who aren't frigid or repressed don't touch themselves gently and lovingly," claims a famous N.Y. psychologist and sex therapist who sends her patients to Chuck as the final step in her treatment. "When a woman comes to me, I spend the first four sessions just teaching her to love herself. Maybe she's had a strict religious education . . . maybe she simply doesn't understand her body. There's a lot of women who are very, very hot . . . they're just not orgasmic, and some don't even realise they haven't been *having* orgasms. Or they feel guilty about wanting them in the first place. The first thing I tell her is that sex is okay, it's beautiful, and I want her to enjoy it. Now the onus and guilt are off her. I'm a new authority figure and I'm telling her it's great."

How do you learn sensuality? Her patients experiment with deep-breathing exercises, long looks in the mirror, hours of oiling up their bodies and other hedonistic delights. She does not tell them to go out and ball . . . she tells them to go out and groove on themselves, cherish the sensitivity

Sex surrogacy foes say that teaching a woman to fuck is like teaching an otter to swim. Given our society's hostility to free eroticism, Chuck's work is too often treated like a dirty joke.

that's frustrated them for so long . . . wallow in it, even. "Then, when I feel she's ready, I send her to a man who can do more than talk. He'll show her how beautiful it is to be touched and caressed."

The therapist feels that the surrogate experience is often essential. Take for instance the example of the 40-year-old virgin Catholic woman who weighed in at a monumental 350. At times like this what could one possibly say? There are no givens with a 40-year-old virgin, no experiences to build on. It would be like explaining Beethoven to Wayne Newton. She laid down the rap about the pleasure principle and sent her off to Chuck and his fully-certified cock. Eight hours later she was enjoying masturbation, being balled and for that matter going down on Chuck, who pronounced the whole megillah 'very rewarding.' The woman remarked that it had been 'a tremendous breakthrough,' surely one of the great understatements in the history of sexual therapy.



"My real goal in one of these sessions," explains Chuck, "is to relax the client so that she can enjoy the 'sensate focus' of the program . . . the pleasure and sensuality of being touched and enjoyed. I'm giving her permission to lie back, relax and enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. After this first step with me, she should go on to her husband or lover and experience real lovemaking. Orgasm is more possible during an emotional experience with someone she cares for, than during the surrogate experience."

Although, from his descriptions, and from the feedback from orgasmic females, a hot eight hours with Chuck is definitely a great leap forward. Much of it is devoted to the expression of physical tenderness that is so often missing in sexual encounters, a filagreed foreplay that builds arousal patiently, rather than expecting it on demand. The five formal steps of the Hartman-Fithian technique are:

1. A minimally threatening physical contact such as a foot bath or a facial caress. Both patient and surrogate undress when the patient feels she is ready.
2. A body caress, not a massage. Sliding, gentle strokes first on the back, then the front.
3. A continued caress including the genital areas.
4. Insertion and thrusting, generally in the male superior position.
5. Experimentation with a variety of positions, during which the patient verbalizes on which ones are most satisfying.

From Step 3 on Chuck manipulates the clitoris and vaginal area, asking the patient which points arouse her the most. He will show her how to masturbate, and help masturbate her to climax if she can't handle it on her own. He will also teach her how to masturbate him and what parts of the male body are most erogenous. Throughout this whole erotic awakening they rap. There are some great lessons to be learned from this procedure, even if your life has been one long, sticky chapter from Henry Miller's most exuberant works.

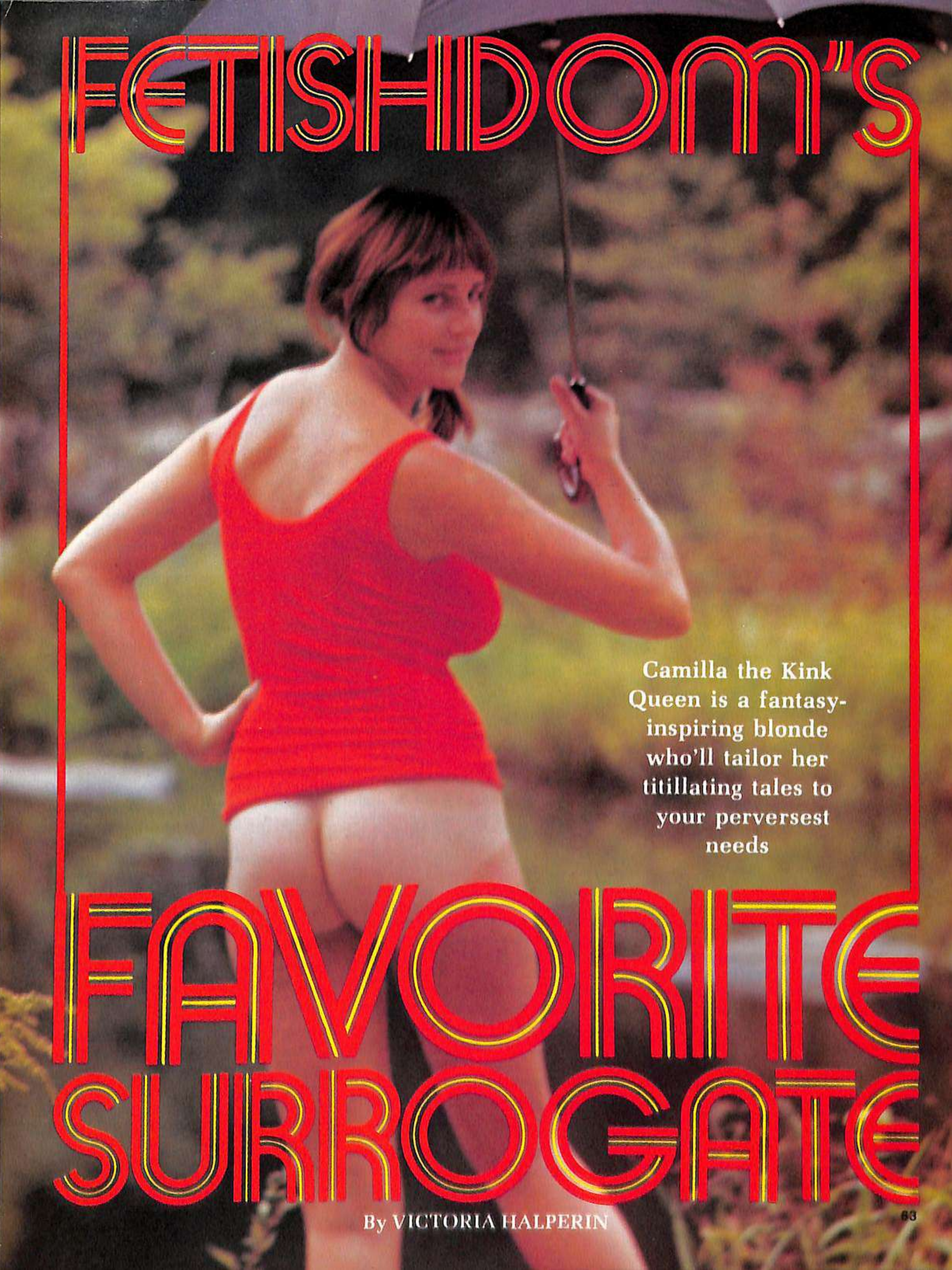
"But this really is therapy, and it really is structured," Chuck emphasizes. "It's not the usual concept of lovemaking—for instance, there's no kissing in the program. There is also no attempt to achieve actual orgasm or full sexual satisfaction for either patient or surrogate."

This brings up several interesting problems. The most obvious one concerns maintaining an erection for hours without ejaculation. This is why surrogates undergo months of training in muscle control. The therapist said, "And the truth is," they're not that turned on . . . it's a professional assignment. Physiologically they'll produce an erection and let their mind have control from that point on . . . and if it becomes inevitable, they come. I know of one time when Chuck did masturbate to relieve himself, and the patient found it a rewarding part of the therapy. He didn't want to give her the idea that any part of sex was dirty, so he let her watch."

The use of sexual surrogates is still highly controversial among professional therapists, though. "We really don't recommend it that often, because there are some dangers," admits her psychologist. "A dysfunctional patient might become infatuated with the surrogate because he has changed her whole life. A fierce emotional gratitude on the order of, 'I owe you my life, I must love you.' That's why it's so important that she immediately applies the knowledge to a partner of her own choosing. A surrogate only shows her *how* to reach the pleasure her body's capable of experiencing."

But if Chuck ever set himself up in the business of teaching women how to screw he'd find himself and his expertise hunted down by lynch mobs of right-thinking citizenry, probably. We are not ready for the example of impersonal sex to heighten our erotic existence, except in fantasy. But at the very least, his individual advice to the lustlorn, under the dominion of the medical profession, has helped a growing number of women to release the deepest responses within themsleves.

FETISHDOM'S FAVORITE SURROGATE



Camilla the Kink Queen is a fantasy-inspiring blonde who'll tailor her titillating tales to your perversest needs

By VICTORIA HALPERIN

If your wisdom tooth is impacted, you can run to the dentist. If you figure you owe the government more than you've earned, you can always go to H&R Block. Even if life in general has you stumped, you can usually find a wizened neo-Freudian to pinpoint your mother in all of this. But if the truth of your particular matter is that frumpy librarians smelling of coffee and dying violets make you wild with lust and naked ladies with firm tits and willing vaginas leave you decidedly cold, it's very hard to find relief.

"The issue here is not the superficialities of fucking or sucking or whose legs go where. It is freedom from fear and inhibition. Camilla will help you see your need as healthy, by giving you exactly what you want . . . ."

A LETTER TO CAMILLA

My girlfriend and I enjoyed your drawings very much so I am requesting two more.

(Please keep me posted about your photography, which you mentioned would be available after Christmas.) Enclosed is $20.00. Please make and send me two drawings as follows:

1) A two-girl bondage scene. First girl is tied to a chair facing camera. Ankles tied to legs of chair, slightly elevating knees, knees slightly spread. Wrists tied about head to high back of chair stretching arms strait and tight. Skirt, nylons, lace panties, low cut sleeveless blouse, no shoes.

Second girl (to right of picture) is standing, leaning over and tickling first girl's underarm with a feather. Other hand is raising first girl's skirt, exposing lace panties. Second girl's attire: miniskirt, nylons, **no** shoes, gloves, long hair. Both girls very pretty. **Important**: make caption, somewhat long, of second girl describing what she did and what she is doing.

2) A good female-male whipping scene. A male tied on his knees and bent over (body takes form of a backwards number "two"). Bound to an iron device designed for this purpsoe only, with metal clamps and rings holding legs, ankles, waist, head, arms, etc. No shirt, shoes, socks, only trousers, pulled down, exposing bare bottom. Female: miniskirt, nylons, low-cut blouse, gloves, long hair, very pretty, no shoes.

She is standing to left of picture facing camera and whipping his bare bottom with a long wooden rod (dowel), with left hand on hip holding up skirt (for better movement), exposing lace panties, legs slightly spread. **Caption important:** somewhat long and she is describing what she did to get him this way and what she is doing at the moment (whipping).

I hope these will be as good if not better than the last two. Thank you.

Fetishism, or kinky sexual preference, is creeping slowly out of the closet. Leather, and enemas, and little girls all flutter up in the course of conversation only to be buried under a landslide of self-conscious smirks or bold but dishonest claims (in the name of this year's vogue) to being open to it all and loathe to judge things not easily understood. Few people genuinely sympathize with fetishists whose cravings are highly personalized and unconventional. Even wizened neo-Freudians may stare with glacial contempt at the mention of a man's preference for satin panties over cotton BVD's. But there are people who understand, not as a result of any intellectual evaluation but simply because they have the non-judgmental attitude that makes understanding easy. They listen earnestly and ask direct questions, smile warmly to keep the catharsis flowing, and nod their head not at what is being said exactly but because what they are hearing is full of tender, personal truths. Which is how I know that Camilla understands.

When I met her, she was sitting in a low-backed chair with her long legs stretched out in front of her, her feet bare, looking strong and comfortable for that reason, like a healthy animal resting. She speaks clearly, the way she fears it is but rather pleasant. It makes her story that much more intriguing. In fact, it even suits the all-American belief that if you want a helping of straight sexual talk find yourself a Scandinavian. And that, as Camilla explains, is exactly what she does and has done so successfully for a growing number of sexually disgruntled folk over the past seven years that multidegreed sex therapists should hide their diplomas in shame.

Tall, voluptuous, with straight hair the color of wheat, and large, pale blue eyes, Camilla looks like she'd be more inclined to provoking your fantasies than to helping you learn to live with them. But the people who seek her out know differently. They read the stories she has tailored to their cravings for wrestling amazons or grandmothers with hardwood spanking paddles. They stare at the simple but explicit sketches that complement the words. They buy pictures of her in knee-high leather boots or movies of her grappling with another woman on the living room rug. They write her letters or meet her face to face. Does she like to wrestle? How does she feel locking her legs around a yielding belly? Does she think it odd to want a little girl still on her first set of teeth to shout dirty words at you?

Where, you ask, is the value in all of this? Why isn't it just another example of marketable porn? It isn't because Camilla's select clientele deal with her personally. They can unveil their coarsest dreams in pore-by-pore detail from pee-soaked bottom to quivering breast, and instead of a clinical dissection of the "problem," they get a compassionate ear and an artistic translation of their fantasy into art, prose, or picture. Just as Camilla expresses her own impressionistic visions on canvas—she is a fine artist—she firmly believes that "nothing is really peculiar, not if someone really needs it to let their feeling out."

Still in her twenties, Camilla talks about kinky sexual styles with such familiarity that you would think she had had a lifetime of experiences—a pubescent run-in with a lady wrestler or a teen-age fling with a man in rubber shorts. Oddly enough, she didn't even realize such sexual quirks existed until she came to this country in 1968. Her first nineteen years she lived in Norway, the middle daughter in a family of three girls. She was too tall to be considered anyone's cute little girl, and she was forced to the sidelines because both of her sisters suffered from particular forms of retardation that required optimum care and attention. Other children didn't want to play with her because she always had a sister in her charge, making fleet-footed mischief impossible, and who wanted to play in the sand with an eight-year-old adult-child who had to look after her sisters just like a grownup nursemaid. Looking back at her unchildlike responsibilities Camilla can point now to the lessons she learned, without being aware of them, about patience, and compassion, and understanding other needs no matter how odd they might seem. Her mother was rather unconcerned with Camilla's own activities. Her school grades didn't matter much and her little girl dreams not much more. But her mother did take the time to explain all the things Camilla wanted to know about sex and to demolish any myths with a clear-cut description of a cock hard from all that feeling slipping inside a vagina lubricated by the same sweet tickling sensation. "Sex is beautiful," her mother told her, "and it's natural," which is a wonderful thing to be weaned on and staunchly un-American. Whereas your own mother would protect the chastity your girlfriend hasn't had for years with her life, Camilla's mother just handed her daughter's boyfriend an extra pillow for the night. Soggy and unsatisfying sex behind the house or arched around the steering wheel just wasn't part of Camilla's upbringing. So while most of us were trying to tell the nice girls from the good girls—one for Friday night and one for Saturday—Camilla was at home making love.

A LETTER FROM CAMILLA

I must have fallen asleep on the couch. All of a sudden, there was a knock on the door. I got up and opened it. A young man stood outside and asked if he could come in. He said that he was Lisa's brother and that his name was Trond.

"Lisa told me you beat her up," he said.

"Now wait a moment," I answered, letting him in, "She started this thing. I have nothing to do with it."

He pushed me over on the couch and said, "Really, well let me see how strong you are now."

I sneered. "Hah, you don't know me well enough. No man would dare to fight with me." He laughed and pushed me down, slapping me loosely. I raised myself up, bit his lip, pushed him over on the floor, and then sat on his chest.

He looked surprised, twisted on his side and managed to wriggle loose. I quickly wrapped my arms around his head and my legs around his. He was trying to get out of it, but I just kept holding on, rolling along with him. Finally however, he threw himself over to the side and sat on my chest, laughing and asking me if I thought he was the loser **now**. I kneed him in the back of his head and he fell over on top of me. Now I rolled over and sat on his chest, holding his arms down. He said he would beat me up if I didn't get off his chest. I just sat there and laughed. He tried to raise, but I quickly took his head between my thighs and held him like this, squeezing harder and harder, still holding his arms down. He kicked his legs up in the air futilely, trying to speak. I kept him in this position for many minutes. Finally he stopped kicking, so I sat back on his chest, asking him if he would give up.

"No," he said, trying to get up. I ripped his tie off, and sitting on his head again, I tied his hands to the chair leg with it. Then, still sitting on his head, I asked him if he wanted to eat me. His legs were kicking wildly. I rose and started walking around in the room, laughing. He begged me to release him, but I had no intention to do so. I gave him a few whacks on his chest with my belt, and he screamed. I loved it and did it harder and harder, until he begged me for mercy, so I stopped.

But now he started crying and to my surprise, asked to be whacked again. I laughed loudly.

"Aha, you want more? Well, you won't get it, not from me," I said, taking my hotpants off, and letting myself down on his neck. I untied him, holding him in a scissor-hold now.

"Don't think I'm going to do anything you like," I said.

He pushed himself up into a bridge, trying to get loose. I moved up on top of his head again, pinning his arms down.

"Eat me!" I said.

He started slowly, but I rubbed hard forwards and backwards over his face, and he started to eat me good now. I let him continue for about fifteen minutes and came twice during that time. It was delicious. Now I sat back on his chest, still holding him down.

I was hot, but felt great. The breeze from the afternoon wind came in cooling me off a bit, and I looked down at my victim, asking him if he would give in yet. He was all red in the face and looked exhausted. He nodded. I squeezed his neck again, harder this time, telling him to say it loudly, not just nod.

"Yes, I give up, you're stronger and I lost the fight."

"Good." I said, got up and walking over to the couch I sat down and lit a cigarette.

"Now get me a beer!" I ordered. It was a new Trond now. He walked to the kitchen at once and gave me a beer.

"Now you may leave," I said, "and I will not see or hear from you or your sister ever again, OK?"

He agreed and walked out.

At nineteen Camilla wanted adventure and a radical change of scene. She left Norway for her uncle's home in Connecticut but soon moved to Manhattan to look for work and whatever else she could find. She made a temporary nest at the Webster Home for Women, situated inelegantly on 11th Avenue. She found adventure, though not the kind that Webster recommends for its young ladies. Camilla met a man in a bar who looked healthy enough and loved to talk

(Continued on page 70)

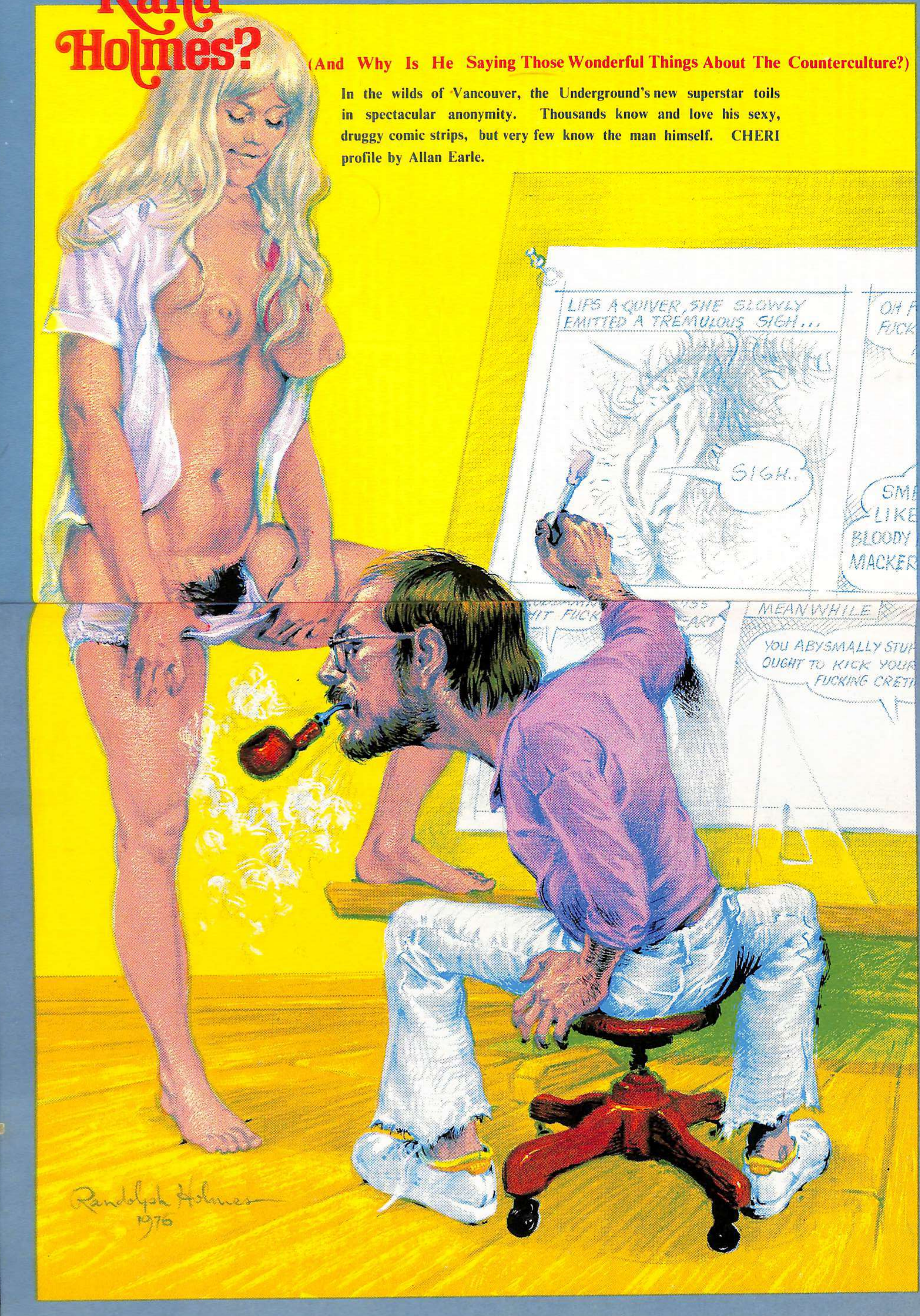
Who is Rand Holmes?

(And Why Is He Saying Those Wonderful Things About The Counterculture?)

In the wilds of Vancouver, the Underground's new superstar toils in spectacular anonymity. Thousands know and love his sexy, druggy comic strips, but very few know the man himself. CHERI profile by Allan Earle.

Sex, snot, shit, dope, violence, religion, and politics are the fodder for his freaky fantasies. Underground comic books are his medium. Freedom and rebellion are his message.

Rand Holmes, alias Harold Hedd, Vancouver's vanguard Van Gogh, is mystery in the word-of-mouth wonderworld of Subterranea. One of the most widely-read—and applauded—of the second generation of underground cartoonists, he is virtually


LIPS A-QUIVER, SHE SLOWLY EMITTED A TREMULOUS SIGH...
SIGH.
OH F FUCK
SME LIKE BLOODY MACKER
HIT FUCK
ART
MEANWHILE
YOU ABYSMALLY STUP OUGHT TO KICK YOUR FUCKING CRETI
Randolph Holmes 1976

unknown in the sprawling, peripatetic fraternity of anti-Establishment comicists, a kind of hippie Howard Hughes, shielded from his public by both a natural reclusiveness and a Canadian citizenship.

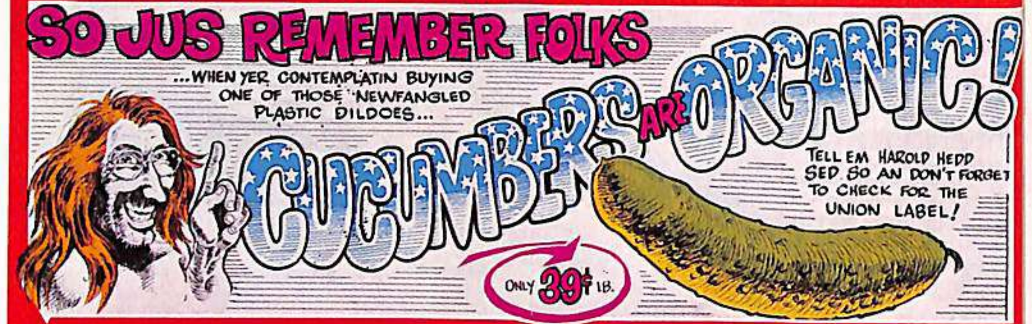
Anonymous as a culture hero, he has left a broad and persuasive mark as an artist—despite the very limited availability of his work. Rand's hard-edged images, more like *Steve Canyon* than *Mr. Natural*, represent a bold new frontier for the Undergrounds, a passage from autistic chicken-scratchings and art-school surrealism to a more traditional drawing style. Yet the fullness and polish of his graphics cannot mask the rowdy, bawdy, countercultist statements they make.

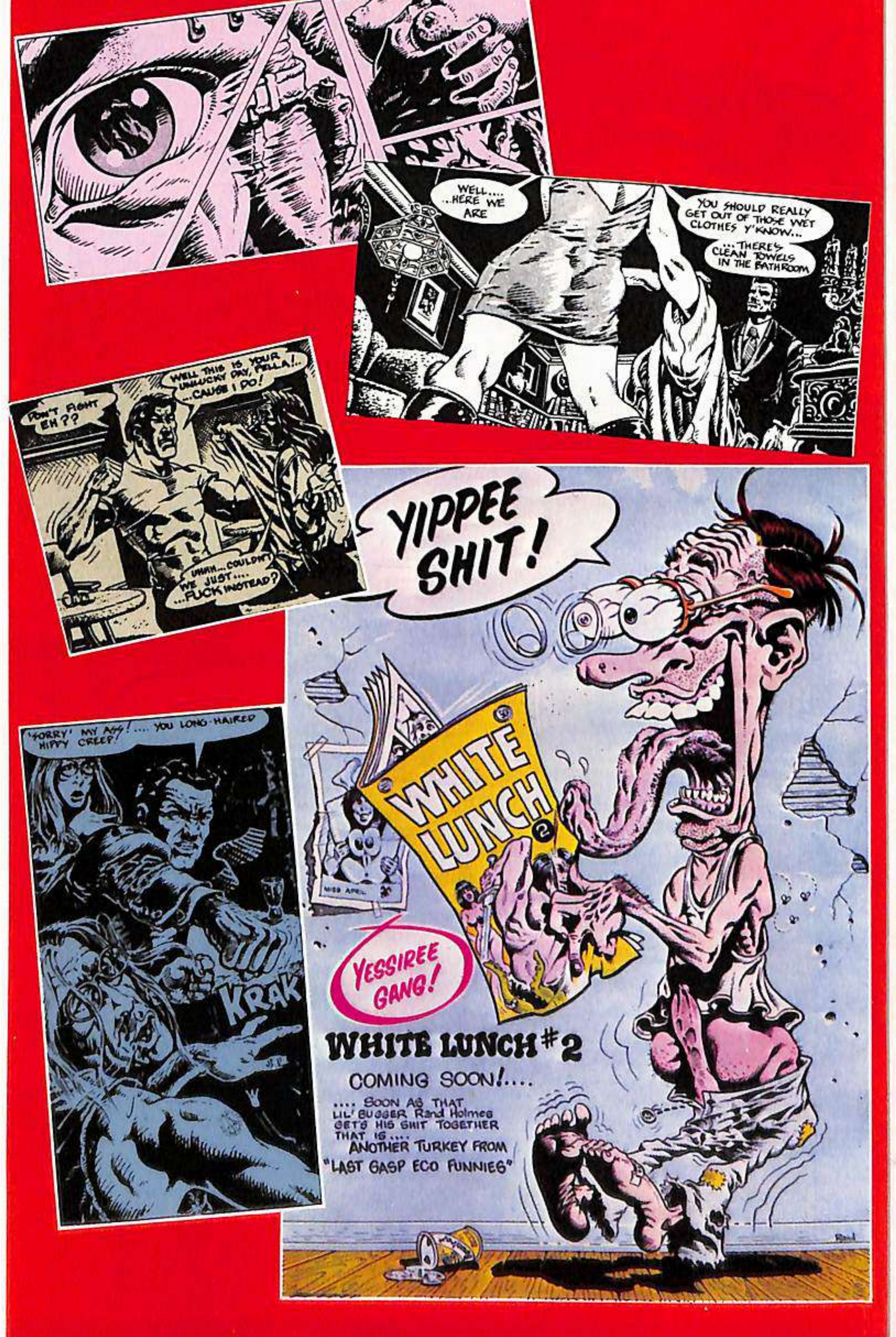
I got to know Rand while I was editing the *Georgia Straight*, a weekly underground newspaper up in Vancouver. My office was on the third floor of the publishing building. He lived in three small rooms at the other end of the hall, the quintessential solitary artist, paying his rent by drawing covers for his publisher and landlord. His talent knocked me out. I'd give him the manuscript to the cover story and he'd hand be back the illustration a few days later, absolutely on target, the heart and essence of the 2,000 word piece.

He is a genuine twentieth-century relcuse, self-contained within his three rooms. "I've chosen art because I can do it myself," he once told me. I was instructed to tell old friends he wasn't even around, even after they'd been persistent enough to trace him to our building. Where Harold Hedd is a normally gregarious, sexual, even funloving individual, his model and creator explains his lifestyle with, "I seem to need less company than most people." But they both play banjo, wear glasses and suffer the tyranny of large Persian cats.

His apartment is a cosy lair full of comfort, charm and a large brass bed, featured on the cover of his salubrious *Beaver I* and supporting a loose-limbed comely with a snappily dressed, fur-bearing, dam-building animal between her legs. We never communicated much, but he did allow me to help him up two narrow flights of stairs with a mammoth

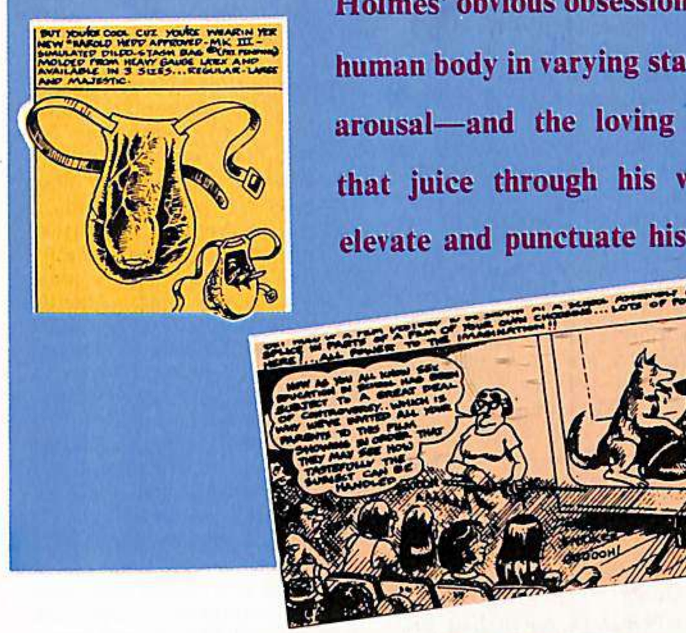
(Continued on page 71)

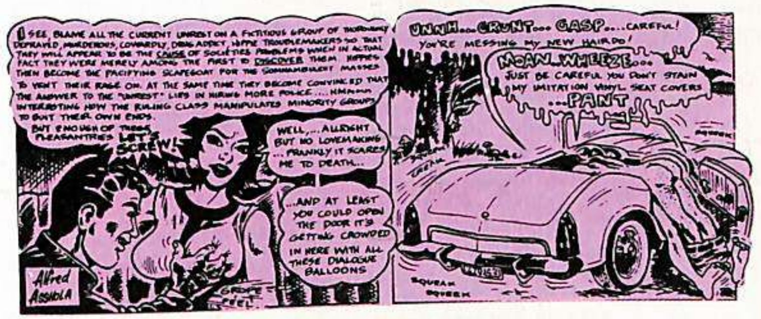

SO JUS REMEMBER FOLKS
...WHEN YER CONTEMPLATIN BUYING ONE OF THOSE NEWFANGLED PLASTIC DILDOES...
CUCUMBERS ARE ORGANIC!
TELL EM HAROLD HEDD SED SO AN DON'T FORGET TO CHECK FOR THE UNION LABEL!
ONLY 39¢ LB.

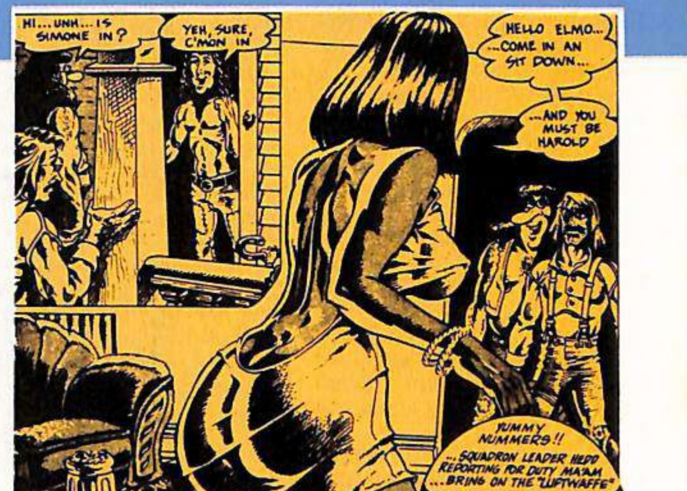

WELL.... ..HERE WE ARE
YOU SHOULD REALLY GET OUT OF THOSE WET CLOTHES Y'KNOW...
...THERE'S CLEAN TOWELS IN THE BATHROOM
DON'T FIGHT EH??
WELL THIS IS YOUR UNLUCKY DAY, FELLA! ...CAUSE I DO!
UNNH... COULDN'T WE JUST.... ...FUCK INSTEAD?
SORRY! MY ASS!... YOU LONG-HAIRED HIPPY CREEP!
KRAK
YIPPEE SHIT!
WHITE LUNCH
YESSIREE GANG!
WHITE LUNCH #2
COMING SOON!....
.... SOON AS THAT LIL' BUGGER Rand Holmes GETS HIS SHIT TOGETHER THAT IS.... ANOTHER TURKEY FROM "LAST GASP ECO FUNNIES"

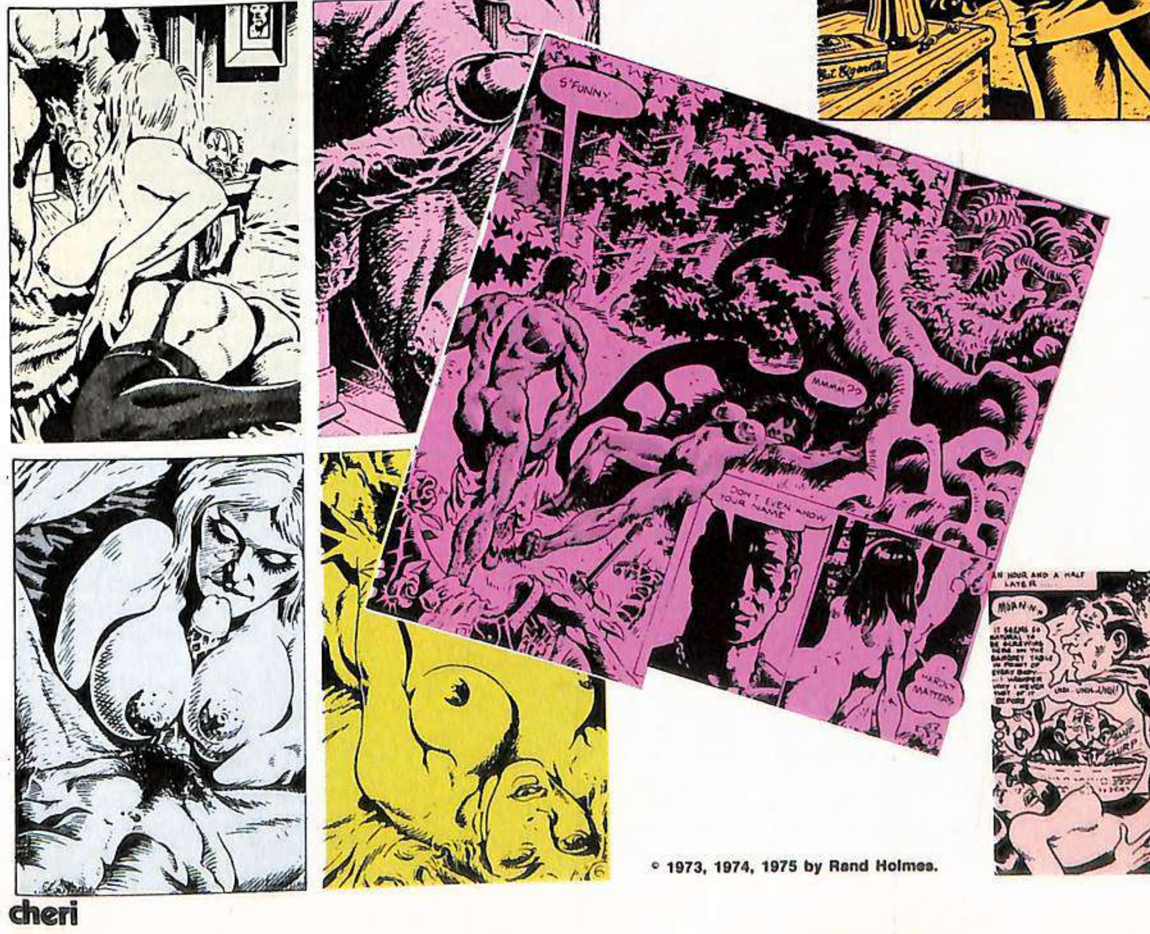
Who is Rand Holmes?

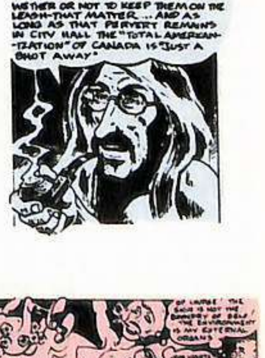
Holmes' obvious obsession with the human body in varying stages of arousal—and the loving details that juice through his work—elevate and punctuate his work.

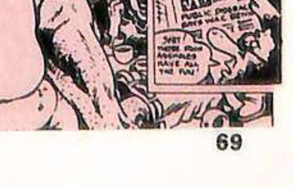

BUT YOU'RE COOL CUZ YOU'RE WEARIN YER NEW "HAROLD HEDD APPROVED-MK III-SIMULATED DILDO-STASH BAG ©(PAT PENDING) MOLDED FROM HEAVY GAUGE LATEX AND AVAILABLE IN 3 SIZES...REGULAR-LARGE AND MAJESTIC.
NOW AS YOU ALL KNOW SEX EDUCATION IN SCHOOL HAS BEEN SUBJECT TO A GREAT DEAL OF CONTROVERSY.. WHICH IS WHY WE'VE INVITED ALL YOUR PARENTS TO THIS FILM SHOWING IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY SEE HOW TASTEFULLY THE SUBJECT CAN BE HANDLED
OOOOOH!


I SEE, BLAME ALL THE CURRENT UNREST ON A FICTITIOUS GROUP OF DEPRAVED, MURDEROUS, COWARDLY, DRUG ADDICT, HIPPIE TROUBLEMAKERS SO THAT THEY WILL APPEAR TO BE THE CAUSE OF SOCIETIES PROBLEMS WHEN IN ACTUAL FACT THEY WERE MERELY AMONG THE FIRST TO DISCOVER THEM. HIPPIES THEN BECOME THE PACIFYING SCAPEGOAT FOR THE SOMNAMBULENT MASSES TO VENT THEIR RAGE ON. AT THE SAME TIME THEY BECOME CONVINCED THAT THE ANSWER TO THE "UNREST" LIES IN HIRING MORE POLICE.... HMMMM INTERESTING HOW THE RULING CLASS MANIPULATES MINORITY GROUPS TO SUIT THEIR OWN ENDS.
BUT ENOUGH OF THESE PLEASANTRIES LET'S SCREW!
WELL,... ALLRIGHT BUT NO LOVEMAKING ... FRANKLY IT SCARES ME TO DEATH..
...AND AT LEAST YOU COULD OPEN THE DOOR IT'S GETTING CROWDED IN HERE WITH ALL THESE DIALOGUE BALLOONS
Alfred Assbola
GROPE FEEL
UNNH... GRUNT... GASP.... CAREFUL! YOU'RE MESSING MY NEW HAIRDO!
MOAN... WHEEZE... JUST BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T STAIN MY IMITATION VINYL SEAT COVERS ...PANT
SQUEAK SQUEEK


HI... UNH... IS SIMONE IN?
YEH, SURE, C'MON IN
HELLO ELMO... COME IN AN SIT DOWN...
...AND YOU MUST BE HAROLD
YUMMY NUMMERS!! ...SQUADRON LEADER HEDD REPORTING FOR DUTY MA'AM ...BRING ON THE "LUFTWAFFE"


S'FUNNY
MMMM??
DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME


WELL HOW BOUT IT "MR AN MRS. TWO-CAR-GARAGE"??? IT'S YOUR KIDS GETTIN THEIR SKULLS KICKED IN.... AND FIRING A FEW COPS WON'T HELP ...COPS ARE ALL THE SAME ... IT'S THE POLICY MAKERS - LIKE TOM - WHO DECIDE WETHER OR NOT TO KEEP THEM ON THE LEASH - THAT MATTER ... AND AS LONG AS THAT PERVERT REMAINS IN CITY HALL THE "TOTAL AMERICANIZATION" OF CANADA IS "JUST A SHOT AWAY"


DEBUTANTES BALL DISSOLVES IN ORGY

© 1973, 1974, 1975 by Rand Holmes.

FETISHDOM'S

(Continued from page 65)

about skiing—an appealing subject for any athletic Norwegian. He convinced her that he should drive her home since even taxi drivers were not to be trusted, not with leggy fares with such ample breasts. But he didn't take her home like he promised, wouldn't let her out of the car, just kept driving with one hand and yanking at her hair and her breasts with the other. He'd kill her, he swore, if she said a word to the toll collector as he drove into New Jersey, hitting her, digging for flesh underneath her clothes. His face was bleached out as if his skin color had gotten eaten up with lust and violence. His madness was so terrifying that Camilla, her clothes pawed off her body, willingly spread her legs and let him pound at her insides. He cried afterwards and babbled about love, and she would promise to marry him, wouldn't she, if he took her home, but she couldn't have her underpants back, just her coat over her bare shoulders. The underpants he wanted to keep.

No one ever found the man and the police said "that's your tough luck, sister." "It was horrible. I thought I was going to die with those houses just a few feet away from me. But he was sick and very lonely .... I told him I understood how lonely he was to calm him down."

Understanding is certainly a balm for a wretched soul, though it doesn't do well at all in the ring with rape and humiliation and greedy hands prying down like a drill between tensed thighs. But Camilla's New York encounters with men were not all perversely combative. Combat of a sort, according to Camilla, can be a healthy display of vigor and strength or an equally healthy display of submission and frailty, whichever your fantasies dictate. Because of her acceptance of that need, alive and kicking inside many of us, she met a well-known cartoonist who was looking for strong, supple women to wrestle for his discretely sold films. The cartoonist was Eric Stanton, whose characatures of svelte female dominants are familiar to all lovers of the breed. Camilla posed for him, tossed and tanged with her opponent, straddling her narrow woman's chest with her thighs, pinning her shoulders with the powerful grip that she knows comes from smelling power itself, and rolling energetically around the floor in dainty bra and panties. Muscles were scissored across muscles, sweaty, hot, and clad in silk and innocence. The client's raved. Camilla's sexual openness implied sexual versatility, and she did equally well wearing snug leather boots and an attitude of restrained ferocity. Stanton had found himself an exceptional model.

Stanton introduced Camilla to his pen and ink bitches in pencil-point heels and to his mail-order business in which he supplied story lines on request to accompany his drawings. The stories didn't upset her and the women with tits like horizontal volcanos about to spew didn't make her queasy either. But what did bother her was the fact of men trying to imagine what women in assorted sexual confrontations would be feeling or thinking or saying out loud. She offered to write a story and Stanton agreed. After the first, Stanton encouraged her to write more. Her stories are stark, compact, and go right to the groin. There are little girls with two lumps for knees unabashedly seducing intimidated little boys, there are little boys being punished by elderly ladies with top knots and long-handled spoons stuffed into their behinds, there are children being spanked, and women playing with their splayed cunts. Obviously Camilla is aware of the key to any bonified fetishist's fervor—his earliest experiences of sexual titillation, the ones from the playground, the ball park, and the attic. Stanton advertised her stories in his mail-order newsletter, the requests came in, and suddenly she was in demand.

"It doesn't always help to learn why you like what you like because you still want it. But if you can have it, then you can live the rest of your life and enjoy it instead of feeling like it's a hang up. Even if you just think you can have it, then you don't have to worry about it all the time." This is the philosophical base from which Camilla works.

Just what is it that Camilla's clients are looking for? Well, this one wants to wear silk undies and dress up in ladies clothes, to fondle and nibble women when the time comes for that but to do it in a size 18 shirtwaist and not in a three-piece suit. That one wants to nuzzle the hairless pubises of girls in parochial school uniforms, (white party frocks just won't do the trick). Americans, Camilla has found, are more fetishistic about silk and satins, those fabrics that graced their mothers asses when they had the advantage of being knee high to a grasshopper with a good view of such things. Europeans are more often inspired by cottons and wools with a little lace around the edges. On both sides of the Atlantic, there's a respectable contingent who crave a strong whiff of rubber to wake up their libido, rubber bed mats being a popular work saver for the indiscretions of very young bladders.

Camilla has never had any direct correspondence with women, though she often makes movies with lady friends who are acting out their own fantasies or just having fun. To date she had done wrestling, domination, and spanking films. Whatever the story line, women with women is as popular as peanut butter and jelly. Camilla has a clear-headed grasp of the appeal of sapphic settings because she's been involved in them herself in exploring her own needs. "I'd always rather go with a man but I notice women a lot. When I see a nice, firm ass I want to say, 'Hey, there goes a great bum or a good set of boobs.' Unfortunately, a lot of women are too competitive with each other to admit that they're looking. Or that they like what they see." And, Camilla continues, it's a fruitless battle because today's beauty promulgated by Estee Lauder or Vidal Sassoon will not appeal at all to the man who likes his lady sweaty, freckled, and sprouting pigtails. Women with boyish hips and long, slim legs may grace the pages of Vogue, but Camilla knows one man in particular who swoons over cellulite, the chubbier her legs the better.

It comes down finally to a matter of how to tell the people you love just what it is you're after. How to tell your wife of thirty years that the reason your cock lies meekly between your legs at night is because it needs her to wrestle vigorously with you and to win. Tell her it's for fun. Tell her to get into the sheer sport of it, that the taste of victory is sweet, and that for exercise it will beat her yoga class anyday. Then show her a few wrestling movies and let Camilla fill her in on the pleasure she gets when she's got him pinned to the pillow.

Of the people Camilla has worked with, some can get sexually excited by conventional forms of sexual contact, some cannot. At the least they require a little fetishistic activity to stimulate them. As for their relationship with Camilla, it never involves intercourse, though she may pose for them, dance for them, strip a little, or wrestle with them. Afterall, the issue here is not the superficialties of fucking and sucking or whose legs go where. It involves freeing yourself of personal fears and societal inhibitions so that you can accept what you need as rational and healthy for you and then go out and get it—or some facsimile thereof. Of course, that's simple enough to say, but a quick survey of the deceit and dishonesty and general crankiness teeming outside your door (maybe inside) makes it easy to see why Camilla's self-styled sexual service has been such a success. She provides the backup—emotional, psychological, and, at times, physical—so that you and your fantasies can truly find each other and live happily ever after.

Instead of manufacturing stories with matter-of-fact efficiency, Camilla tailored her responses to what she felt the individual was really in need of. To the man who wanted to know what it felt like to be a dominant female she wrote a personal letter describing how she felt with a man lying benignly under her bottom, his firm man's body weak in comparison like a little child's, powerless and relaxed. Stanton arranged for those people who wanted to meet with her. Many fetishists wanted one of two things: to state their fantasies out loud and to drudge up truths they had never even revealed to themselves or to release their fantasies in front of someone instead of letting them fester inside. In one encounter a distinguished Englishman, tall and spankingly well bred, finally lived out his desire to be wrestled to the floor and held with such force that, in the face of his emasculation, he had no recourse but to sulk and cry—ters for all the years of having to appear controlled and masterful. The only part of him that didn't want to relent was his cock, which stood at attention like a good soldier. The supremacy of eight-year-old girls was what he was really after, which was why he had chosen to teach in a school for young children. The apparent

(Continued on page 92)

Who is Rand Holmes?

(Continued from page 69)

overstuffed couch he'd scrounged from somewhere.

From the gentle tranquility of this environment comes the bitterly anti-authoritarian, dope-crazed, lust-drenched reality of his work. "Im not an immoral person, and I put into my comics what I feel is right. I would personally be outraged if anyone saw fit to tell me what should go into them. I think I should have the same rights as any novelist, painter or songwriter." As indeed he should. But his obvious obsession with the human body in its varying stages of arousal, and the loving details that juice through his work . . . such as the network of veins on cocks . . . take it into the realm of . . . well, dirty funnies. As a master draftsman and hippie humorist he is inordinately compelling, incarnating the full ethic of day-to-day underground life in a few frames.

Holmes' complex use of screens and detail in bodily renderings make some of his figures the most sexual in underground lore. His affinity with both sexes is also clear—just as Michaelangelo's art shows his complete indifference to the female form. But Rand tenderly drapes diaphanous garments over his characters to accentuate body curves in women and knotted muscles in men. And his fidelity to his own responses gives his stories a vital reality.

Harold Hedd, Holmes' alter ego, hates so many things—cops, straights (mostly middle-aged and self-righteous), hard-hats, the natural perversity of machinery, many parts of the American dream (e.g. plastic chicks with gleaming teeth), welfare hassles, junk food and more than anything else, narcs. Holmes has a detailed knowledge of the devious and abusive methods of the breed, which have been made painfully apparent to anyone in a serious drug misunderstanding. But Harold, unlike many of the rest of us, is not bent out of shape by such knowledge. He sits down quietly in his big armchair, lights his pipe, and tells his cat how fucked up the world is out there.

Through Harold Hedd, the artist intrepidly bares his soul, not to mention his ass. In one comic strip, included in *All Canadian Beaver No. 1*—a classic in its own right among underground comic freaks and porn aficianados—Harold Hedd is engaged in amorous copulation with another man as a statement against the repressed notions of homosexuality presented in David Reuben's book *Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex . . . But Were Afraid to Ask.*

To Rand, the question of whether one form of sexuality is better or worse than another is a moot point. The most important thing is to do what you wanna do . . . you may change your mind later, that's okay, just as long as it's *you* that's changing.

He feels that society's antagonism towards homosexuality, bisexuality, etc., is an outgrowth of our capitalistic political system which needs "sexually repressed people to make good workers."

Rand exemplifies this sexually repressive conditioning of the blue collar worker in his recently released sequel to *Beaver I*, titled simply *Beaver II*. An autobiographical comic, it shows the printer refusing to print *Beaver I* which was to first appear in the *Georgia Straight*—a weekly underground features tabloid. *Straight* Publisher Dan McLeod insisted the cartoon strip be printed. The printer responded by overinking the two comic pages so that every character was effectively blanked out when it came off the presses.

"It was a clear case of censorship by the working class," Rand asserts. This latest comic book, *Beaver II*, may indeed be his last. "I've paid my dues," he says, "and I'm still starving. I might as well starve as a serious painter."

A veritable victim of the underground, Holmes eked out between $25 and $50 per page—which in the underground includes conceiving the story, illustrating and writing it. Because he puts so much work into each frame, it takes him three days to turn out one page . . . hardly a wage deserving of a sophisticated cartoonist of his caliber.

Rand's initial talent was first cultivated during high school days as a result of opposition to his interest: "I sketched in my notebooks at school while the others took notes—I got detention—I got the strap—' get an education first! Then learn to draw if you wish' they said, reinforcing the message with a variety of punishments (God knows how many young minds are irreparably mutilated by these misguided sadists with the unmitigated gall to refer to themselves as teachers!). As for myself, I persevered, I spent 13 years in school and managed not to learn anything except how to draw."

After high school he tried to go the conventional middle-class route, getting married and taking a job as a sign painter. Five years later, he was turned on to drugs and off middle class values: "In 1968 my brother turned me on to psychedelics—I woke up—left my wife and job and split for the west coast, grew my hair down to my ass, moved into a communal house and vowed to never again do anything I didn't want to do, especially for money—after I made that simple decision I was suddenly free."

His work, including *Beaver*, *White Lunch Funnies*, *Baldric the Barbarian* and *Anus Clenching Adventures of Harold Hedd*, stands out from the thousands of underground comics that ubiquitously pervaded the news stands almost overnight, albeit essentially a West Coast phenomena.

Zep, *Young Lust*, *Yellow Dog*, *Big Ass*, *Fed's 'n' Heads*, *Fat Lip Funnies*, sprouting from the four corners of America to the far reaches across the sea, they came ... *Bijour*, *Death Rattle*, *Gothic Blimp Works*, *Baloney Moccasins*, *God Nose (Spot Reel)*, *Spiffy Stories*, *Moon Child* . . . and on and on. Comics for the adult, to be carried in brown paper bags. For the first time cartoon characters became real. When they were cut, they bled, and it wasn't a pretty sight. Unlike sexless conventional cartoons, the likes of Superman, Archie, Wonderwoman, Tarzan and the rest, underground comic characters actually had genitals, displayed in throbbing detail by their creators.

Actually Harold Hedd, as a real character, began developing right after I had brought in a cartoon about Vancouver's Mayor Campbell for the straight. McLeod, my publisher, was pressing for a regular strip when editor Brad Robinson said, "Why don't you do something about real freaks, like the Freak Brothers?" That was so popular, readers were always writing in about it, so I went home and came back with Harold Hedd. From there the characters actually grew."

"I would rather use black and white," Holmes explains, "because a really good black and white drawing can approximate black and white photography, but no matter how good a color comic you have it isn't going to be anywhere near color photography." (I received a letter from Rand the other day, after he made this statement, in which he described a technique he recently developed that does simulate color photography. He employs it here in his self-portrait for **CHERI**.)

With his bent for realism, his work adds new dimension to pornography, lying somewhere between skin magazines, movies and the porn novel.

Holmes' work appeared in underground papers like the Straight and the Berkeley Barb before being collected in comic-book form. By 1972 he had enough comics to bind into *The Adventures of Harold Hedd* as well as publish *White Lunch Funnies*, which featured the sordid adventure of *Baldric The Barbarian*, a medieval Harold Hedd. In 1973 he produced a featurelength comic, *Anus Clenching Adventures of Harold Hedd* and *Beaver Number One* published by *Last Gasp* in San Francisco. Two shorter cartoons were included in *Slow Death* and *Skull* comics the following year.

One of Holmes' finest color drawings is his cover for the book *A History of Underground Comics*. Author Mark Estren notes, "Holmes' style is so versatile that he had no trouble imitating the approach of a variety of other artists."

The cover including the inside flap, is comprised of nearly a hundred of the most popular underground characters assembled at a party in San Francisco.

The party actually took place, only it was attended by their creators. The book, however, was not well received by underground cartoonists, except maybe by R.C. Crumb who Estren adulates throughout. At the party, one cartoonist smacked the author in the face . . . an act that Rand immortalized by incorporating it on the inside cover.

Estren seems to have a bit of an axe to grind, considering all the space he devotes in lacing the women liberationists objections to underground comics throughout the text. They seem to ignore the vein in which they were written. On the same grounds, the Women's Movement might have condemned Jonathan Swift—the father of satire—for his "Modest Proposal." Underground cartoonists have since become the flak catchers for the sixties movement itself. Many have become discouraged and gone into other

(Continued on page 72)

Who is Rand Holmes?

(Continued from page 71)

fields or forms of art.

"I think I've changed," says Rand. "I feel good about that, and I think a lot of other people have too. It's time for all of us to go on to something new. I think Harold is just as fucked up as everybody else. He has the same problems and lives in the same world."

As for Rand, he says he's getting into a regular routine. Up at the crack of dawn and painting for four hours with oils. Although his medium and method have altered, chances are he'll be just as outspoken.

RELUCTANT RAPIST

(Continued from page 41)

of my fingers.

"I'm in it for the money," I told her. "I don't want to hurt you. I could strangle you. I could squeeze your neck 'til your face turns blue and you'd die coughing. I could punch you and kick you and stomp on you until you had bruises all over. You'd be lying in blood from a million wounds. I have a knife in my pocket and I could rip your skin with it. Do you understand what I can do?"

She shook her head yes.

"I could do any of those things; but I won't. I want your money and I want all of it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"Good. Give me your purse."

She had twenty-three or twenty-four dollars in her purse counting the small change.

"What are these?" I asked her. She blushed, but she replied.

"They're pills."

"What kind of pills?"

"Birth control pills."

"Are you married?"

"Yes. Yes, I am," she said.

"But you don't have a ring on your finger." I grabbed her hand and pushed it in front of her eyes.

"You should know better than to lie to me," I warned her. "Women always lie and I hate it." (Actually I don't believe that. But it's amazing how docile a girl can be when she thinks she is dealing with a psychotic man.)

"Now, once again, are you married?"

"No," she said softly.

"Yet, you feel the need for birth control pills."

"Yes."

"You strip your clothes off and let me see your naked body?"

"Yes."

"You snuggle close to men smelling of tobacco and whiskey?"

"Yes."

"You let men put their fingertips on your nipples and your thighs?"

"Yes."

Despite her fear she was becoming aroused just like the others.

"I think I'm going to make it with a nurse tonight," I told her.

"Oh, God, no. Oh, please don't."

"Look," I told her. "All I wanted to do was rob you. Take your money, your jewelry, possibly your credit cards. But you're a good-looking woman. If we met under different circumstances I might want to marry you. However the only thing possible is rape."

"You said you don't want to hurt me."

"Yeah, I did say that, didn't I? I'll tell you what. You make it easy on me and I'll make it easy on you."

She nodded. They always do.

"Where," she asked me, "do you want to, you know, do it?"

"Gee, I really don't know. It's not my usual line of work," I explained. "The sidewalk looks a little too rough. You might get scratched when you lie down. And, I didn't see any alley around here."

We were both surveying the street.

"Hey, listen," I said. "Do you have a car?"

She had a yellow Buick Elektra. I let her do the driving. The breeze rushed into the open windows. I set the radio to a station that only plays gritty rock and roll.

"Why did you want to rob me?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you. You'd only laugh at me."

"I wouldn't. I swear I wouldn't." She was still thinking about the knife in my pocket.

"Well, a couple of years ago, a doctor told me I could have an operation that would make me look handsome. And I want it so that girls will smile at me, but it's so expensive."

"Are you sure this is the only way you can raise the money?"

"I've asked myself that question time and time again. But it always comes back to the same answer. When my father died I was forced to drop out of high school and support my mother and all my younger brothers and sisters. Consequently I've never really been able to get a good job or put any money away. But why do I burden you with my troubles?"

"I *am* a nurse."

"Maybe to the world you're a nurse, but to me you're a helpless victim."

We were in the park now and I made her pull off the road.

"Is this where we're going to do it?" she asked.

"Yeah, I think so. Yes. I guess you'd better get into the back seat. And, look, I know it's kind of scary. But don't do anything that will make me hurt you."

She scrambled into the back and when I joined her she said, "Do you want to undress me or should I do it myself?"

"How do you feel about it?" I asked her.

"I don't know. I've never been raped before."

"Okay, let's do it this way. You take your uniform and your shoes off. I'll take care of your bra and panties and you'll leave your stockings on."

"But I'm not wearing any stockings."

"Oh, well, whatever."

When she removed her dress, she looked at me. I think to get a reaction. They always do. I placed my hand on the slight swell of her belly.

"Soft," I murmured. "Very sort. Very nice."

My hands found the brassiere hook. Her breasts were astonishing. Although they were not huge they were of a perfect shape and texture and density. I paused at each nipple with the tip of my tongue. I pulled her underpants down slowly, allowing my hands to chat with her buttocks.

"You're okay," I said. "You're everything a guy could want."

"Aren't you going to undress?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I might have to make a fast getaway. You never know. What the hell, I'll take my trousers off anyway."

We took a position and sort of squirmed around until we were as comfortable as we could be. Then I kissed her. It was a long and exquisite exchange of warm breath and lip touching. I felt her nipples harden and the long anxious movements of her body against mine. My hands were rubbing and moving and squeezing. Her grip on me was getting tighter. I brought my stiffness against her rough pubic hair and then I found what I was looking for. I slid in and her body quivered. She was moving and moaning. Suddenly I pulled myself out.

"I can't do it," I said.

"It doesn't feel that way to me," she said. Her head was still back. Her cheeks were flushed and apparently her mouth was dry.

"No, I mean I could do it. But it just isn't right. I may be a common criminal; but rape is not my bag." I started putting my trousers on.

"Does your face really make it hard for you to get girls?" she asked.

"Please don't make fun of me," I said.

"I'm not making fun of you." Her tone was almost professional. For all you know I could have been one of her patients.

"Well, I've always been afraid of girls, afraid they might laugh at me or tease me. I know I'm ugly."

"True, you're not handsome; but there's something very masculine about you."

"How can you say that when I wasn't even able to rape you?"

"Did you mean it before," she asked, "when you said that if we met under different circumstances you might want to . . ."

"Marry you?"

"Yes!"

"I meant it."

"You poor suffering man." Her palm went out to my cheek and stroked away.

"I know," she said nobly, "I have little money to give you. I know that what you need is something more permanent, more enduring than what I'm about to give you; but I want you to always remember me." And so a speech that seemed to come striaght out of *Valley Of The Dolls*, served as the overture for some great lovemaking. She had my trousers off in a jiffy. And she jumped at me. Her lips, her teeth, her tongue, even her toes were everywhere. It was great. It was like being in a jet-propelled steambath. Things were really furious and sweaty. I exploded first and just as my body was ready to relax, her fingernails dug into my back and her spasms accelerated. She had made it.

MY BUST

(Continued from page 37)

spread on my puss. The judge retained the photo but since then I've passed out tens of thousands of "Exhibit A's" everywhere I perform.

When the Judge found me guilty I appealed my case and advertised in the *Philadelphia Daily News* for witnesses. About 35 people responded and offered to testify. Others got up a petition to "Free Honeysuckle," and the editor of the newspaper even wrote an editorial in my behalf.

The lawyers who lost the case said it would cost $2,500 more to appeal it. Since I was flat broke, and had already lost once, I decided to be my own attorney. When I filed my appeal, Judge Richette said the court would appoint a lawyer for me. I requested one recommended by the American Civil Liberties Union, and got Joel Moldovsky. He won the case.

Joel is a brilliant lawyer and I'll always be grateful for the work he did and the unique ideas he came up with. He told me I had rare talent. On the grounds that the statute covering my arrest was too vague he had the case dismissed.

Meanwhile, Tom Rizzo had hired Michael Seidman as his attorney. Mr. Seidman had once worked for the District Attorney and was an expert in obscenity cases. Once my appeal was won I went back to work for Tom at his Golden 33 Club on April 5, 1976, and we all got busted again. This time Michael Seidman got the D.A. to withdraw charges within a few hours of the arrest. He even got a temporary injunction against police arrest for the next three days of my act. This made legal history in Philadelphia. Mr. Seidman had information that the police planned on hauling me in every day so I couldn't perform. Mr. Seidman indicated he was ready to sue if that happened. A Judge Gelfand issued the injunction, but Judge Stanley Greenburg lifted it after an agreement was made to prosecute the original arrest. I completed my two-week engagement with no more harassment.

Tom and I waived our preliminary hearings and went directly to Superior Court before Judge Alfred DiBona, Jr. Ray Henzell, the arresting officer, testified against me. He had caught one of my golf balls when I popped it out of my puss, and he had it there in a brown envelope. As a matter of fact, as I recall, the young, handsome officer was the most enthusiastic member of my audience that day. But I don't hold a grudge against him—he was only doing his job. I wondered if he was going to enter the golf ball as "Exhibit A" but he didn't. Others found it amusing, and I almost burst out laughing myself when he brought it in, but he was very serious in the presence of the Judge.

The whole thing is humorous in a "broad" sense, but actually a ridiculous waste of the taxpayers' money. And the fact that I am fighting a 5-year jail sentence has me very upset.

The latest development is that the Judge will make his decision in two weeks as the prosecution was late in presenting its documents and he needs time to look them over.

Actress and stripper Jacqui Brody, star of *Sodom & Gomorrah* and a law school graduate, attended court with me that day. I may use her as a character witness. Another possibility is the Reverend Kellie Everts of the One World Light Church.

The press has given me fantastic coverage. All three Philadelphia newspapers have reported on the case at one time or another—the *Daily News*, the *Inquirer* and the *Bulletin*. Marilyn Schaffer of the *Bulletin* interviewed me, and Larry Fields of the *Daily News* has written of my case several times in his column. The editor wrote an editorial in my defense, the court reporter, Dave Racher, has been really great, and Tom Cooney mentioned me in his *People* column. Even in New York, my case is regularly reported in the *Post*.

I'd like to thank the young blonde court steno, Michelle Thompson, for helping me with some of the official names in this article.

Anyone who has seen my act and would like to testify for me, can write:

Free Honeysuckle
c/o CHERI MAGAZINE
205 East 42nd Street
New York, New York 10017

I will answer all letters from my fans. Even if you can't testify, please write and say hello.

[On June 22, 1976, the case against Honeysuckle Divine was thrown out of court. Omnia vincit veritas.]

SWING SHIFT

(Continued from page 28)

building there are two modern bars—one at poolside and the other in the lounge. Saturday night there is a dance, clothing required, fairly formal. The dance floor covers the pool, so there is no swimming. Usually they have a live band that plays ballroom-style music and some fast numbers as well. When planning a visit here I suggest you brush up on your cha-cha.

The crowd at The Four Seasons is definitely mixed . . . that means swingers as well as civilians. Therefore, fornication in the open is not permitted, so proceed with discretion. There are families and kids as well as a lot of single couples.

Rod Swenson, writer of "Nude Resorts and Beaches" (Popular Library) describes the owners as " . . . an attractive couple with a certain old-world charm. They are professional. Bring your own scene. For information contact The Four Seasons; Freelton, Ontario, Canada, (416) 659-7784. Hans and Lisa Stein, Managers.

***

Our "Swinger Interview of the Month" is with Karen and Maria. Both strippers, they consented to talk about their life style and easy access to kinky sex.

AUDREY: 1What turns you on?

MARIA: Cold beer, good grass, moist pussy and hard dick. That about sums it up, I think. I don't want to brag, but I think I've tried every possible combination of cocks and cunts at least 3 times. After having turned most of my sexual fantasies into realities, I know what really turns me on. A swinging three-some with another chick and a man, or several couples.

AUDREY: What abour orgies?

MARIA: They're fun. It's exciting to be surrounded by naked bodies knowing that you can satisfy yourself totally in every way sexual. But, after the novelty wears off . . . well, uh, quantity isn't always quality, you know.

AUDREY: I bet the two of you get propositioned a lot. (laughter) Do you ever date men from the audience?

MARIA: Not usually. If a man whistles at me when I'm walking down the street or makes obscene remarks while I'm on stage I accept it as a compliment. When a man watches me do an erotic act on stage and is turned on by it enough to ask me out I accept that as a compliment, too.

KAREN: Men in the audience respond to you differently, depending on the act you're doing. Maria and I used to do a lesbian act together and we got a lot of joint invitations from men wanting to fuck us together. Right now I'm doing an S&M act with whips and chains, you know, the whole bit. The audience has been getting so turned on I practically need a bodyguard to get me off stage. They're usually standing at the dressing room door massaging their hard-ons. It's sort of flattering knowing how sexy it is to get real guys hot and bothered. Usually I'll smile and disappear into the dressing room and try and slip out the back way. Although I'm generally turned off by these stage door guys, I still see no reason to damage their egos, so I tell 'em no in a nice way. If a guy is being obnoxious, however, I can get heavy too. I'll usually tell him: 'Stick it in the freezer, pal.'

AUDREY: If you don't mind me asking, 'What's your personal life like?'

KAREN: Well, since we're not using our real names I don't mind talking about it. I am bi-sexual. I've been through exclusive relationships with both sexes and it was frustrating for me. The past several years I've been involved in a "primary relationship" with an exceptional man. He brings his girlfriends home and we all climb in bed. We're also into bondage sex games.

AUDREY: Are you a sadist or a masochist?

KAREN: What do you think?

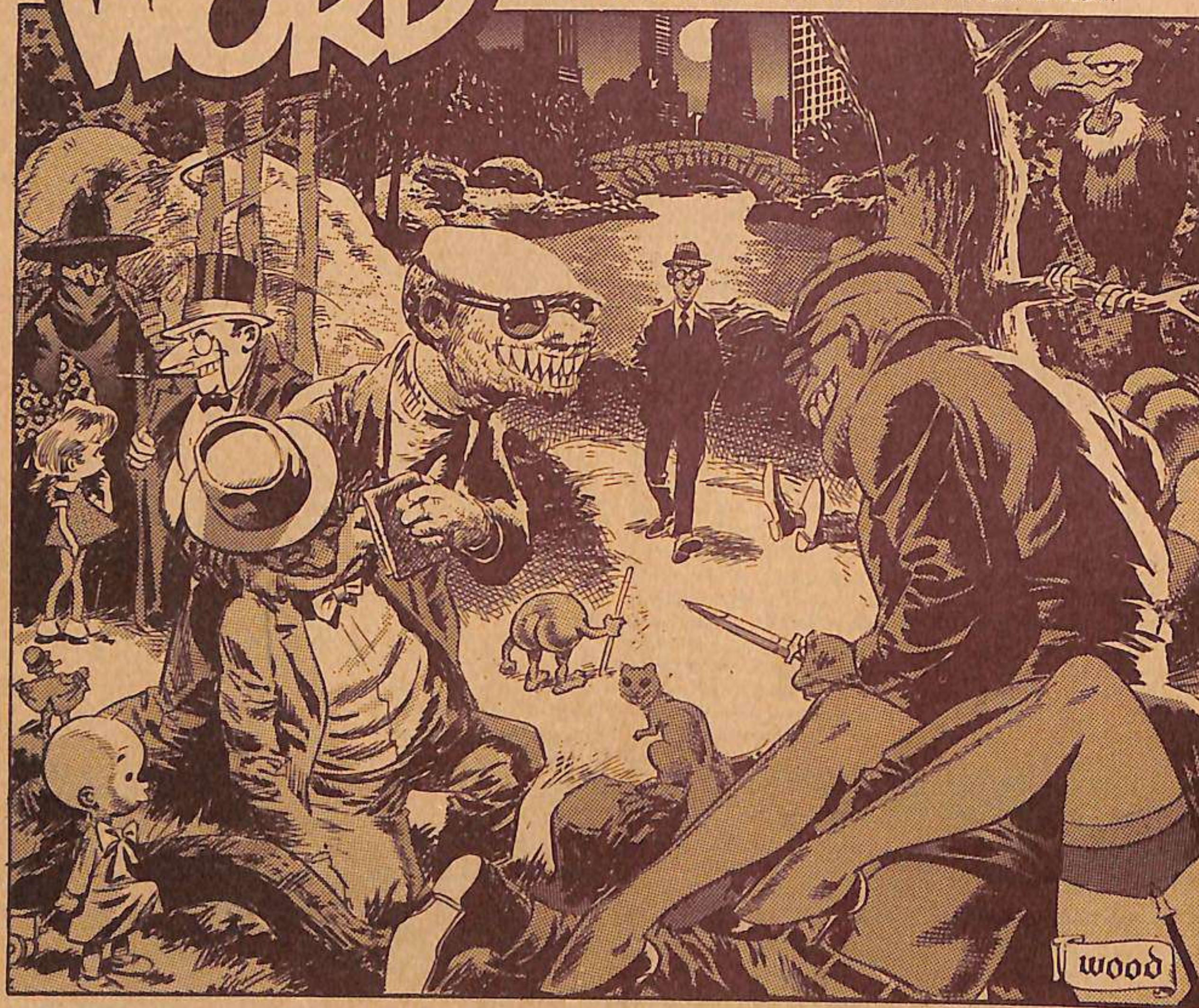
AUDREY: Well, you come on pretty heavy. I'll guess that you're probably dominant, an S.

KAREN: That's my act, I come on very S, but I'm really just a sassy M—which makes for some interesting scenes. Anyway, I dig switching roles. Fantasy and role playing really turn me on sexually. I get off on the scope of a man's imagination, which is more important to me than the size of his dick.

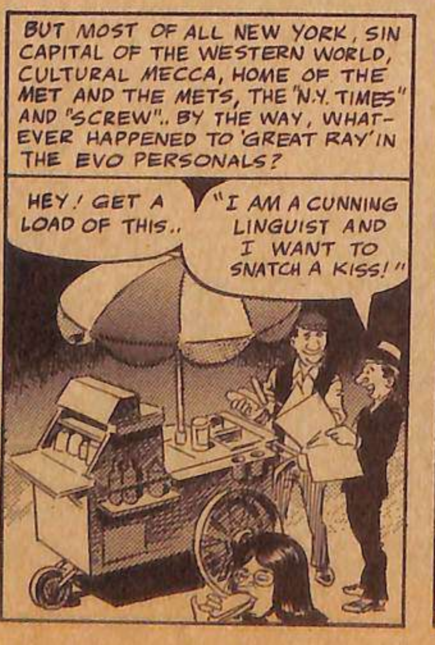
Readers with special questions or information on the swinging scene should write me pronto. See you soon.

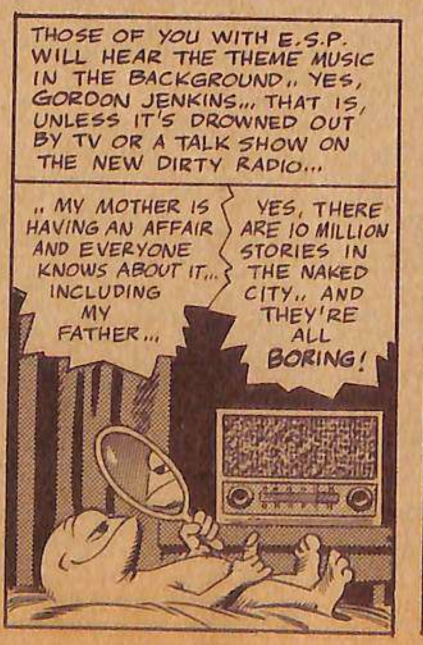
MY WORD

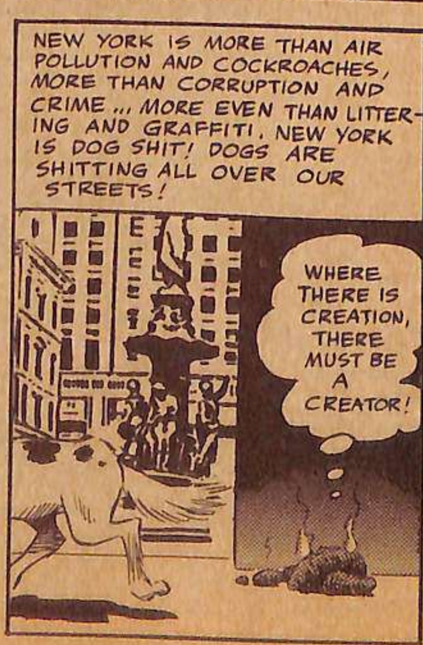
MY WORD IS FUN, AS IN FUN CITY,, GOTHAM, BAGDAD ON THE HUDSON, SODOM ON THE GOMORRAH, OTHERWISE CALLED MUGGERSVILLE OR THE BIG APPLE. SOMETIMES I FEEL NOSTALGIA, A PANG OF HOMESICKNESS FOR NEW YORK (WHICH IS FUNNY, CAUSE I LIVE HERE!), THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE... WHAT? YOU DON'T BELIEVE LIVING CAN BE AN ADVENTURE? TRY WALKING IN CENTRAL PARK AT 2 A.M.! ANYWAY, SINCE I HAVE THREE PAGES IN THIS MAG, I'D LIKE TO COMMENT BRIEFLY ON THE UNIVERSE...

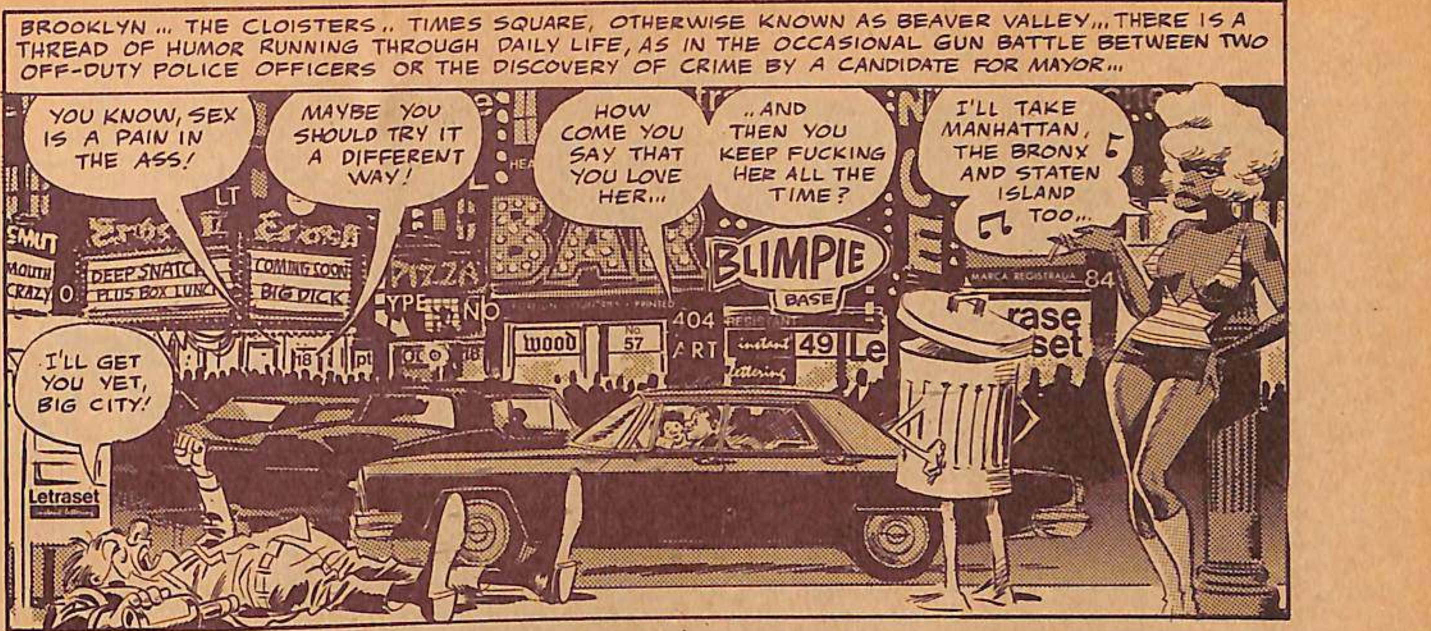


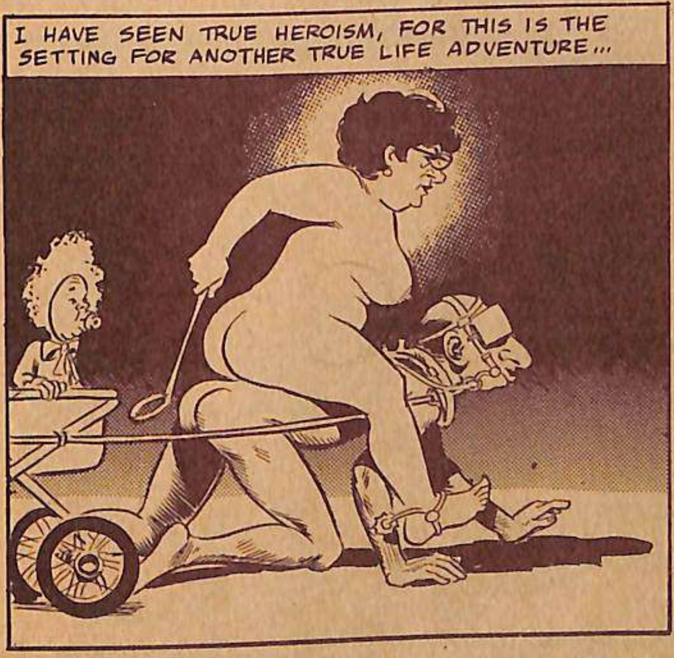
© 1976 Wallace Wood and Big Apple Comix Productions.
Reprinted from *Big Apple Comix*.

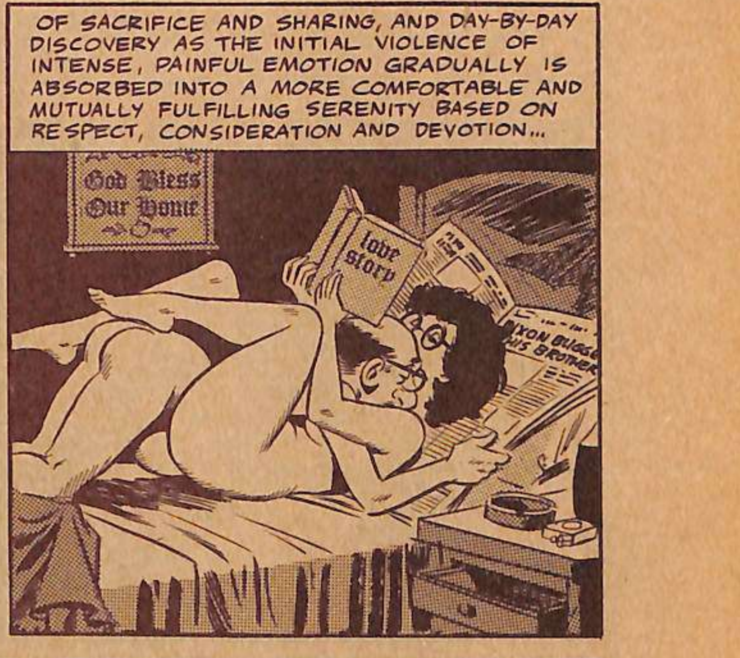

BUT MOST OF ALL NEW YORK, SIN CAPITAL OF THE WESTERN WORLD, CULTURAL MECCA, HOME OF THE MET AND THE METS, THE "N.Y. TIMES" AND "SCREW".. BY THE WAY, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO 'GREAT RAY' IN THE EVO PERSONALS?
HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS..
"I AM A CUNNING LINGUIST AND I WANT TO SNATCH A KISS!"

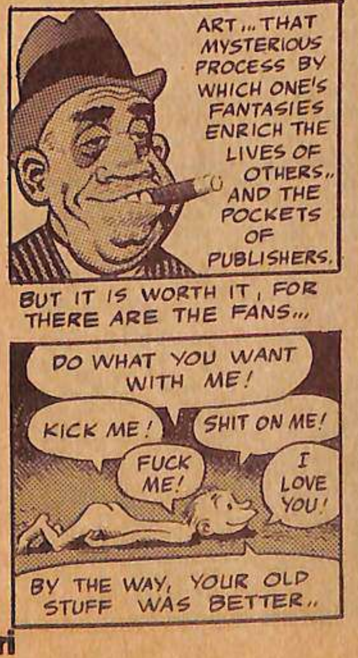

THOSE OF YOU WITH E.S.P. WILL HEAR THE THEME MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND.. YES, GORDON JENKINS... THAT IS, UNLESS IT'S DROWNED OUT BY TV OR A TALK SHOW ON THE NEW DIRTY RADIO...
.. MY MOTHER IS HAVING AN AFFAIR AND EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT IT... INCLUDING MY FATHER...
YES, THERE ARE 10 MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY.. AND THEY'RE ALL BORING!

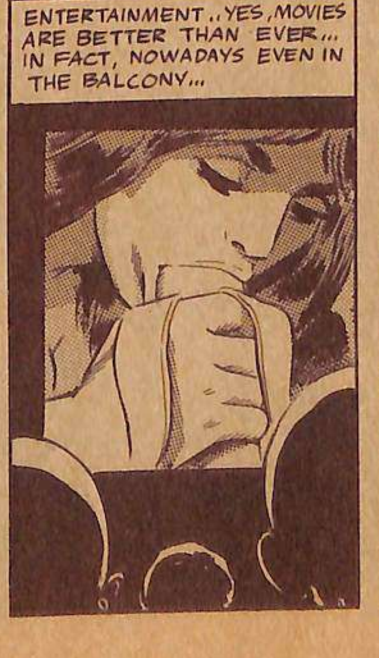

NEW YORK IS MORE THAN AIR POLLUTION AND COCKROACHES, MORE THAN CORRUPTION AND CRIME... MORE EVEN THAN LITTERING AND GRAFFITI. NEW YORK IS DOG SHIT! DOGS ARE SHITTING ALL OVER OUR STREETS!
WHERE THERE IS CREATION, THERE MUST BE A CREATOR!

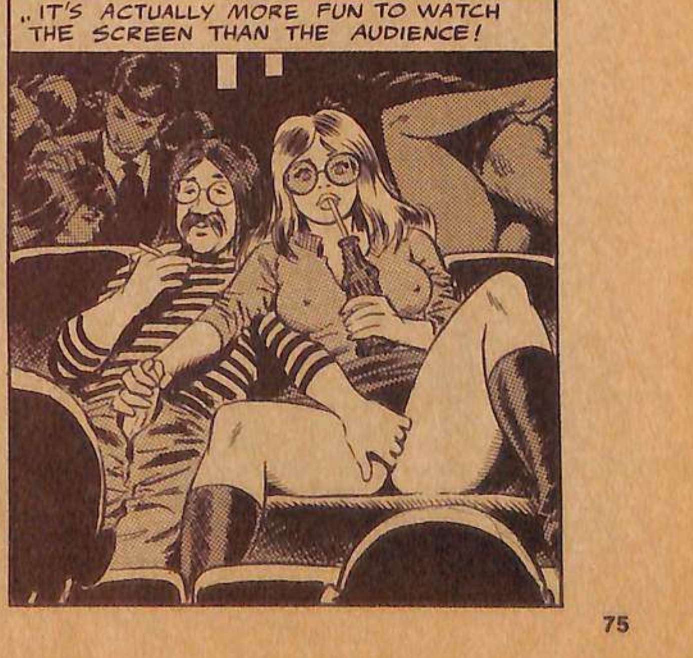

BROOKLYN ... THE CLOISTERS .. TIMES SQUARE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS BEAVER VALLEY... THERE IS A THREAD OF HUMOR RUNNING THROUGH DAILY LIFE, AS IN THE OCCASIONAL GUN BATTLE BETWEEN TWO OFF-DUTY POLICE OFFICERS OR THE DISCOVERY OF CRIME BY A CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR...
YOU KNOW, SEX IS A PAIN IN THE ASS!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY IT A DIFFERENT WAY!
HOW COME YOU SAY THAT YOU LOVE HER...
.. AND THEN YOU KEEP FUCKING HER ALL THE TIME?
I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN, THE BRONX AND STATEN ISLAND TOO...
I'LL GET YOU YET, BIG CITY!
SMUT
MOUTH
CRAZY
DEEP SNATCH PLUS BOX LUNCH
COMING SOON BIG DICK
PIZZA
BAR
BLIMPIE
BASE
wood
No. 57
404 ART
instant lettering
49
rase set
Letraset
84

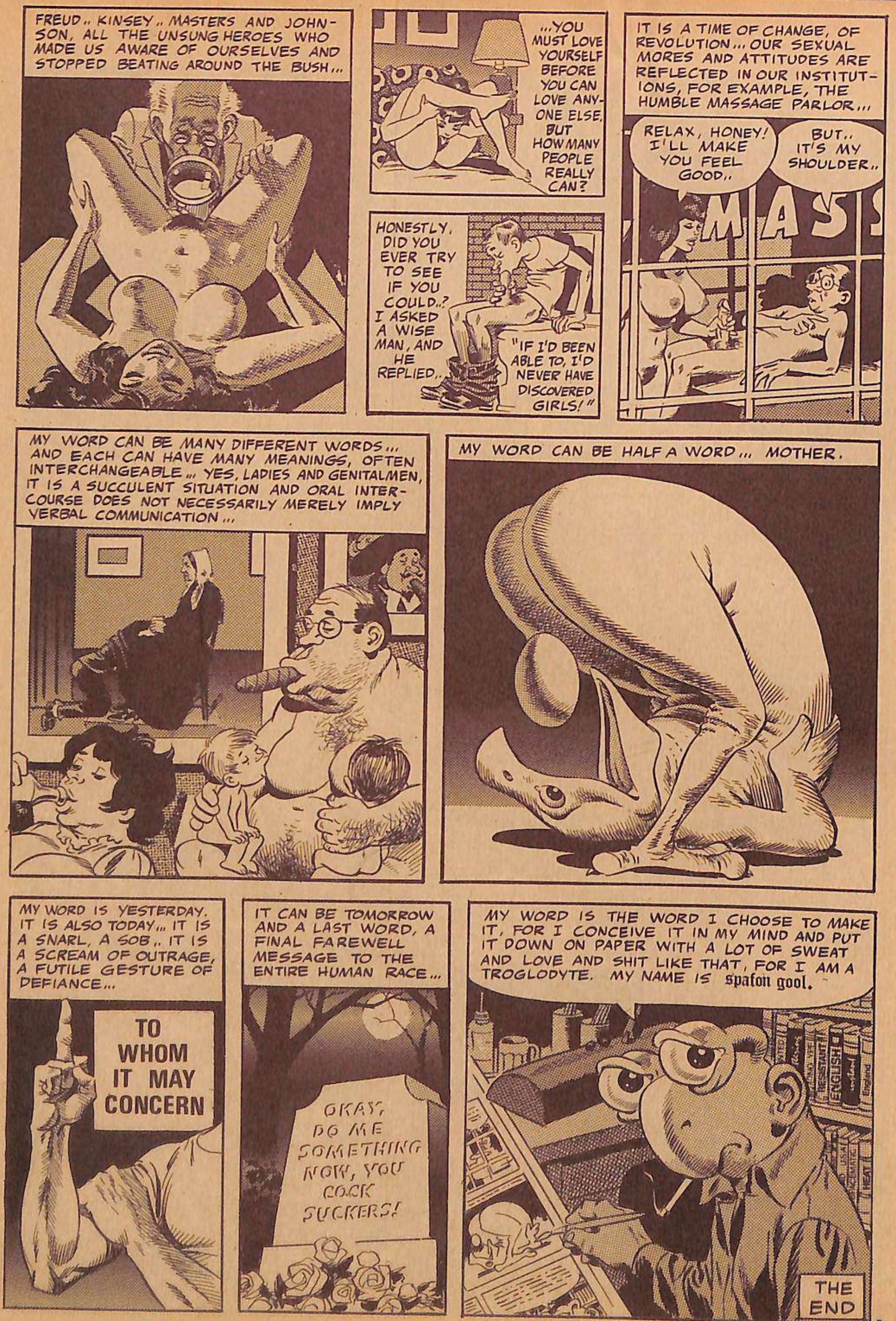

I HAVE SEEN TRUE HEROISM, FOR THIS IS THE SETTING FOR ANOTHER TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE...


OF SACRIFICE AND SHARING, AND DAY-BY-DAY DISCOVERY AS THE INITIAL VIOLENCE OF INTENSE, PAINFUL EMOTION GRADUALLY IS ABSORBED INTO A MORE COMFORTABLE AND MUTUALLY FULFILLING SERENITY BASED ON RESPECT, CONSIDERATION AND DEVOTION...
God Bless Our Home
love story


ART... THAT MYSTERIOUS PROCESS BY WHICH ONE'S FANTASIES ENRICH THE LIVES OF OTHERS.. AND THE POCKETS OF PUBLISHERS.
BUT IT IS WORTH IT, FOR THERE ARE THE FANS...
DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME!
KICK ME!
SHIT ON ME!
FUCK ME!
I LOVE YOU!
BY THE WAY, YOUR OLD STUFF WAS BETTER..


ENTERTAINMENT.. YES, MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER... IN FACT, NOWADAYS EVEN IN THE BALCONY...


.. IT'S ACTUALLY MORE FUN TO WATCH THE SCREEN THAN THE AUDIENCE!


FREUD.. KINSEY.. MASTERS AND JOHNSON, ALL THE UNSUNG HEROES WHO MADE US AWARE OF OURSELVES AND STOPPED BEATING AROUND THE BUSH...
...YOU MUST LOVE YOURSELF BEFORE YOU CAN LOVE ANYONE ELSE, BUT HOW MANY PEOPLE REALLY CAN?
IT IS A TIME OF CHANGE, OF REVOLUTION... OUR SEXUAL MORES AND ATTITUDES ARE REFLECTED IN OUR INSTITUTIONS, FOR EXAMPLE, THE HUMBLE MASSAGE PARLOR...
RELAX, HONEY! I'LL MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD..
BUT.. IT'S MY SHOULDER..
MASS
HONESTLY, DID YOU EVER TRY TO SEE IF YOU COULD..? I ASKED A WISE MAN, AND HE REPLIED...
"IF I'D BEEN ABLE TO, I'D NEVER HAVE DISCOVERED GIRLS!"
MY WORD CAN BE MANY DIFFERENT WORDS... AND EACH CAN HAVE MANY MEANINGS, OFTEN INTERCHANGEABLE... YES, LADIES AND GENITALMEN, IT IS A SUCCULENT SITUATION AND ORAL INTERCOURSE DOES NOT NECESSARILY MERELY IMPLY VERBAL COMMUNICATION...
MY WORD CAN BE HALF A WORD... MOTHER.
MY WORD IS YESTERDAY. IT IS ALSO TODAY... IT IS A SNARL, A SOB.. IT IS A SCREAM OF OUTRAGE, A FUTILE GESTURE OF DEFIANCE...
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
IT CAN BE TOMORROW AND A LAST WORD, A FINAL FAREWELL MESSAGE TO THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE...
OKAY, DO ME SOMETHING NOW, YOU COCK SUCKERS!
MY WORD IS THE WORD I CHOOSE TO MAKE IT, FOR I CONCEIVE IT IN MY MIND AND PUT IT DOWN ON PAPER WITH A LOT OF SWEAT AND LOVE AND SHIT LIKE THAT, FOR I AM A TROGLODYTE. MY NAME IS spafon gool.
THE END

BIBLE BELT

(Continued from page 22)

know who you'll run into in this business, do you?"

JODY: I'm interviewing Ocelot, the organizational name for the young woman who heads the Kansas City chapter of the national organization COYOTE. We're in her apartment and will go to the nearby submarine sandwich shop later. Ocelot, do you see yourself as a street hooker or a call girl?
OCELOT: I have worked out on the streets . . . I started out there three years ago. Then I worked out of bars . . .
JODY: Were you what they call a B-girl, or is that term old-fashioned?
OCELOT: It's good enough. Now I'm . . . well, you get to know some cab drivers, you make appointments. I'm definitely not a call girl, but I'm not a street girl. Then again, I don't do that much business because of these other diversions.
JODY: COYOTE is taking away your profession?
OCELOT: (Laughs) Yeah . . .
JODY: But you have sources . . . resources . . . like these cab drivers . . . do you know bell captains in hotels?
OCELOT: Oh sure. One of the hotels that signed the petition to get the girls off the street is the one that I worked out of.
JODY: Let's mention the Pioneer Grill, because that upsets me—the way they object to the presence of prostitution. If you're in there to have a cup of coffee, aren't *they* breaking the law [when they ask you to leave]?
OCELOT: Technically, there's this ordinance, it's so stupid, listing whole categories of people who should not be allowed in licensed places. This is what they rely on to keep hookers out. The Pioneer Grill is your basic sleazy, greasy spoon. And it's had the nerve to decide that hookers are distasteful to the other customers.
JODY: But how can they tell [you're a prostitute]? I go over to Macy's, I buy a few things and then I decide to go for a cup of coffee. How do they make the decision that I'm distasteful?
OCELOT: An unescorted black woman is close enough for them. Or if they see you out on the street. A friend of mine went in there the other night and they stopped her at the door, and said, "Get out!" I've been in there when they've stopped a couple of black women whom they did not know—they had no records! The say, 'You make your living out on the street now get back out there! And then they'll call the police to harass us. Then there's those bars up on the strip which are likewise pretty sleazy, pretty raunchy, and they've also decided they don't want hookers in their establishments.
JODY: All those Twelfth Street bars? [Gives names.] You're right: Sleazy! Listen, you've written something called 'The Hooker Papers.' What are they?
OCELOT: It's the newspaper we put out locally. Little tidbits of what's happening around. We have a Jackass-of-theWeek column which is popular.
JODY: Sounds like something you lifted from Al Goldstein's Asshole-of-the-Week or Month, or whatever it is . . .
OCELOT: Oh, I didn't know that. Margo came up with the idea. Our nomination is usually a vice squad officer, sometimes a judge. And we try to include things the girls should know about their rights in specific cases. News of hookers in other places. Anything we think might be interesting . . .
JODY: And do you write this up yourself?
OCELOT: We all contribute. We don't really have an editor. We're making a membership drive now so we'll have new contributors soon, hopefully.
JODY: I notice that you mention one of KC's finer judges, Judge Hargrave, in one of the articles. I remember overhearing a conversation about him one day, and then I heard you say he was a real hardass judge. Is he really so hard on prostitutes?
OCELOT: I can't believe you'd ever overhear a person saying he was nice! He is without a doubt the most injudicious judge they've got over there . . . of course, that's not really saying a whole hell of a lot, when you consider the other ones.
JODY: Is there such a thing as an easy judge?
OCELOT: No, but there are some that are fairer than others. But Judge Hargrave doesn't like people in general, and very definitely has something against women, and *especially* hookers! He ignores procedural rights. A witness against the woman doesn't even have to show up. He makes prejudicial errors right and left. Supposedly you can have a deposition when the witness can't show up. But he'll just excuse the witness and just have a statement and perhaps the officer's word that this man said this . . . all hearsay evidence against the woman. And the charges against the man are dismissed. The officer testifies that this man said that this woman solicited him. That's one of our biggest bitches: the lack of equal enforcement, equal protection.
JODY: I really agree with you all. Of course I think it should be totally legalized, but like I said to Margo St. James, either nobody should be arrested, or everybody should be arrested. Anyone in authority who is sympathetic to COYOTE or the feminist movement, and is against repression of the female sex by the government could send a contribution to COYOTE, c/o The New Earth Bookstore, 24 East 39th Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64111. Now tell me, what are you preparing for the Republican Convention . . . you mentioned you all were going to protest and have a local Hookers' Show and Parade. I know they're having one in New York for the Democrats.
OCELOT: I might mention that they're all cooperating now [the sex minorities]. And COYOTE is trying to get together with the Lesbian Alliance and the Gay Alliance . . .

JODY: Now that you have your degree in history and you have your COYOTE activities, and your hooking activities, what else do you do? In your spare time?
OCELOT: Oh, I read, and go for long walks . . .
JODY: And you have a cute two-and-a-half year old son, and you're separated from your husband and you live in midtown Kansas City. Would you say you're the typical KC hooker, or above?
OCELOT: I wouldn't say above. Oh, did you know I'm doing a TV show next Wednesday on Channel 4?
JODY: Live?
OCELOT: No, we're taping.
JODY: They do very few live shows now. I've done a few but they're the exception, simply because you never know what's gonna come out of somebody's mouth. And television censorship makes that kind of rough. Let's talk about your main profession some more. Do you have a man?
OCELOT: I never had a pimp . . . but I had a husband . . . now we're separated. I guess some people looking at it objectively would have said he was a pimp.
JODY: Did you do all this with his full knowledge and blessing?
OCELOT: Not always his blessing . . . but certainly his full knowledge. Sometimes with his coaxing.
JODY: Did he have a job?
OCELOT: He did at various times.
JODY: I know you're 23 now, how old was he when you were married?
OCELOT: He was in his middle thirties.
JODY: The question I want to ask you badly is a cliche, but, why did you decide to become a hooker? I know you have a degree from my alma mater, in history, a very responsible subject.
OCELOT: You know there aren't many jobs open for someone with just a B.A. I started hooking before I got my degree. While I'd been in college I took waitress jobs . . . which makes you a whore, but for less money. The economic motive was foremost in my mind. It wasn't as well paying as many people think but it was better paying than anything else I could have gotten. And I figured I wouldn't have to work that many hours . . . I could spend more time studying. But unfortunately it really didn't work out that way . . . not for the first year and a half or two years. I just . . . got into the money-making thing and left school for about a year. I wasn't able to handle it. I'd never made that much money before, in that particular way—fast money. There's immediate gratification.
JODY: So you would say you're a pragmatist. But what actually put the idea into your head?
OCELOT: Well my husband was in that line and he knew hustlers and prostitutes and I met his acquaintances and kind of fell into it. I really didn't come from a background that . . . I mean, we were poor, lower middle class, but somewhat refined. Catholic, but not very religious. When I was in college I wanted to get into rebellious things . . .
JODY: I was brought up a Roman Catholic too—have you ever noticed how many of us Catholics get into erotic fields?
OCELOT: I don't know—if you look at the whole history of the Catholic church, the heads of our church have been anything but models of sexual purity . . . there's a lot of hypocrisy. The popes in the middle ages had lots of concubines—so we've got a lot of precedents.
JODY: In a way I've always thought they've been preaching sex—they don't believe in birth control, look at the number of children. They're always talking about sex in one way or another. It's everybody's concern and yet we're supposed to bury it, that's what's so damn silly. Remember Mark Twain, in *Letters from the Earth*-he did a little thing on that. The thing that

everyone is completely concerned with on earth. Up in heaven it doesn't exist. If we had any real idea of heaven it would be like a divine orgasm allthe time.

OCELOT: That's certainly my idea of heaven.

JODY: Do you think that the way you got into your profession was typical of a Kansas City girl? Just falling into it out of . . . rebellion, the need to make more money in less hours?

OCELOT: The main thing with me was the economic motive. A lot of the women on the street are black and they come from poor families and they just wouldn't have an opportunity to make this kind of money . . . although as I said it's not that good. But there's no other job that they could get that could give them that kind of money, or the lifestyle, or the fact that you don't have to work eight hours a day . . . although I know a lot of women that seem to work twelve and fifteen hours a day.

JODY: Is it strictly economics or do some of them get off on it?

OCELOT: I used to think . . . I used to be very cold about it, just a business, but maybe in a way you do get off on it. There's something in the rhythm of your movements . . . I don't mean just during sexual intercourse, just the whole hectic lifestyle, the running around . . . it really gets to you and it's hard to stop.

JODY: Percentage-wise, Kansas City used to have one of the largest number of prostitutes in the country . . . ten, fifteen, twenty years ago.

OCELOT: Oh KC was a great city at one time. The women downtown were making $400, $500 a night. It was just there for the taking. But things have just gone downhill.

JODY: Is the recession so bad for hookers that it's actually putting them out of business? Or is it fewer customers for less money?

OCELOT: A bit of both. Definitely less money from the customer. And more hassles from the police, more hassles with lawyers. You get busted pretty frequently . . . now it's 15 to 180 days, $100 to $500 fine.Andnow the second time you're busted it's a *mandatory* 15 days . . .

JODY: At that Women's Correctional Institution? Have you ever been there?

OCELOT: Well I interviewed one of the woman supervisors . . . the women are locked uo in a dormitory, hardly allowed to go out, just once in a while, maybe to watch the men play basketball. The men are allowed the run of the place but the women just sit and sit for the whole of their sentence. They're not brutalized . . . but they become vegetables. A slow death. Somebody has in mind a class action suit, because we have legislationnow that forcestheseplacestoprovide equal facilitiesfor bothmalesand females. And this place clearly doesn't. The don't allow as much money for females, and women are forced to submit to very shocking and humiliating examinations after they've had visitors.

JODY: After visitors? I know it happens when they arrest you and book you, they stick their hands up all your holes . . .

OCELOT: Maybe in a penitentiary there would be a rule for that, but this is a minimum security facility!

JODY: And they do that to the women after they've had visitors, over and over?

OCELOT: Oh yeah . . . and they're none too gentle. You remember they had a big thing in New York about that, at the Women's House of Detention, with how brutual they were in these examinations.

JODY: We're gonna try and find out who the policy-maker is and get her on that . . .

OCELOT: And when you do, let me know, because I may have some resources you don't have.

JODY: What would you say is the average age of the KC prostittue?

OCELOT: I'd say 21 to 23. You'll get some young ones, 17 and 18, which is bad, because they're runaways and will get diseases right away and spread them around . . . they have no knowledge of how to protect themselves.

JODY: Do you think there's much lesbianism in the trade?

OCELOT: I haven't had any experiences like that myself simply because I haven't gotten around to it. But I know of friends that have.

JODY: You mean in their own social life . . . not part of their job?

OCELOT: Well, both . . . there are some johns who will want a girl to make it with another woman . . . now whether or not she's also a lesbian in her own free time, I couldn't tell you. But there is a demand . . .

JODY: Does that specialty make a girl a lot more money?

OCELOT: It should . . . I don't know, I haven't done it myself. I seem to get all the wholesome guys, old fashioned Christian Middle-westerners in the missionary position . . .

JODY: Considering the general economic situation . . . what's the price for a straight normal session . . .

OCELOT: Not relating anything of my own situation . . . I'd say from $20 to $30 . . . but on some desperate nights a woman might go for $10. In certain sections $10 is even the normal price. But I'd say $20-$30 is the regular price.

JODY: For straight intercourse ?

OCELOT: Well, you might throw in a little half and half.

JODY: But in general, if it's agreed ahead of time that they want oral sex or anal or . . . what else is there? Well anyway don't they charge $5,$10,$15 extra?

OCELOT: I don't know about anal sex. I've never engaged in that. All the women I know don't engage in that.

JODY: But do you get requests?

OCELOT: Oh yeah, but we turn them down. The greatest demand nowadays seems to be for oral sex, the woman copulating with the man. A lot of times their wives won't practice this sort of thing. And it's relatively quick . . . it's very popular.

JODY: Tell me—what's a good night for a gal in KC?

OCELOT: Generally, about $100 . . . if you make $100 a night, that's an okay week. But nobody admits the actual figures. They get down low . . .

JODY: Gee, that's too bad. You know. I've watched the hookers in Times Square in action, and I've been fascinated with the way they've worked. And the girls in Kansas City too. I've talked this over with Margo . . . do you think there are gals that are truly happy with their work? They really love sex? Have you run across gals like this?

OCELOT: Oh yeah, but they're amateurs. There are women who get off on it but I don't know any professional who's in it solely because she likes it.

JODY: Margo said she did know gals who were in it because it fulfilled their needs, but you haven't met them around Kansas City?

OCELOT: Very few.

JODY: What kind of customers do you generally get?

(Continued on page 92)

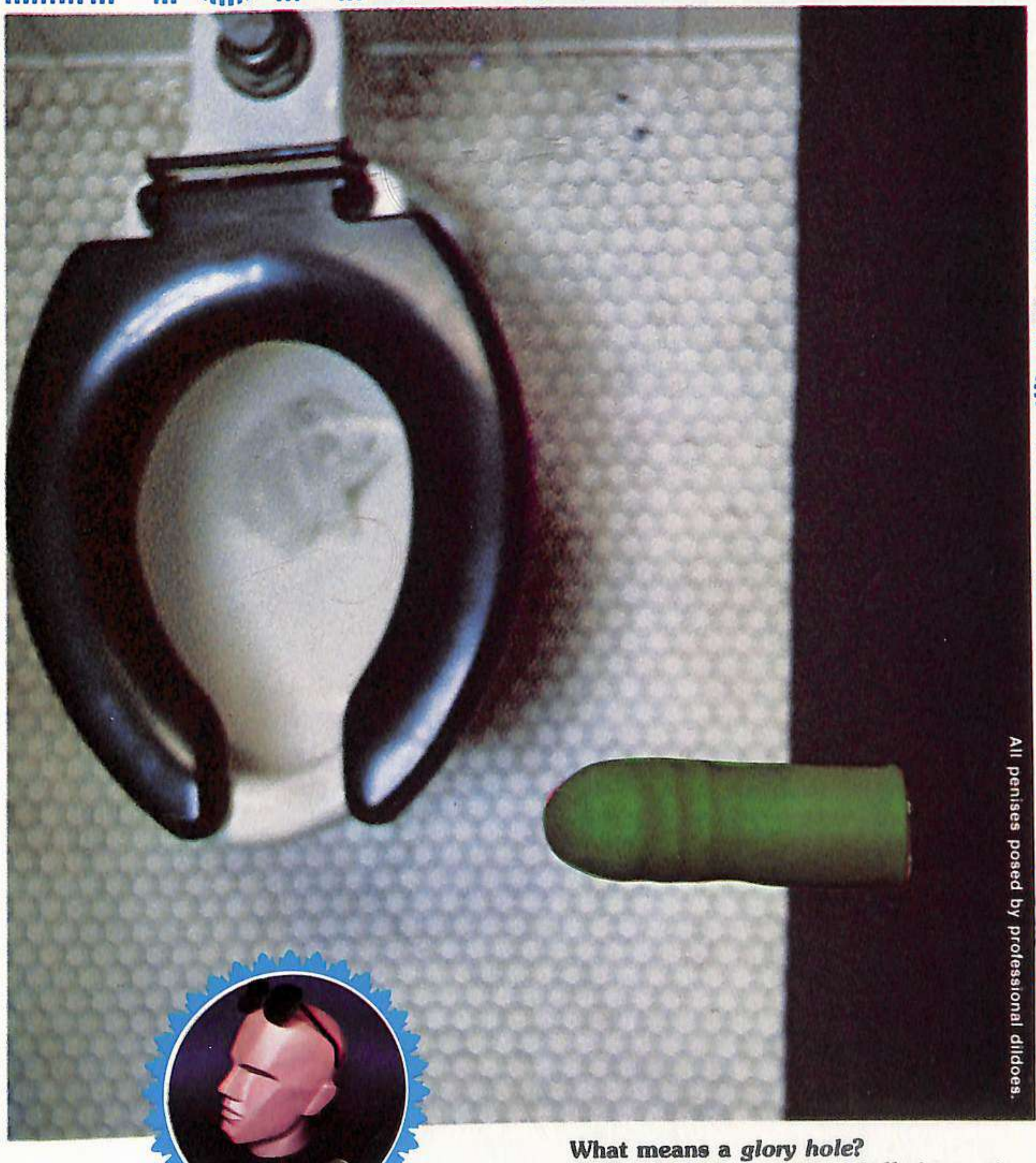
ON THE TACTICS OF SERGEANT Z OF THE VICE SQUAD

(Continued from page 22)

However, the purpose of this article is not to elaborate on his many physical attributes, but on his professional tactics. One night two weeks ago the sergeant obtained a room in the Continental Hotel and then proceeded about the streets of KC looking for a hooker to set up. He managed to find one of the more gullible ones, gave her his room number, a promise of $20, and then scurried off to his room drooling over the anticipated bust. When the young woman arrived he was prepared. The solicitation had taken place out on the street and it was he who had quoted price and act but, in the room, with the benefit of a tape recorder, he made her go over the details of the agreement. He put $20 on the dresser and waited for the young woman to completely disrobe before he said the magic words, "I'm with the police and you're under arrest."

Now really, we must comment that surveying a hooker's nude body in no way strengthened the sergeant's case. And we would remind the sergeant that if you've seen one you've seen 'em all. Unless of course the sergeant has never seen one. In that case, on the off-chance the sergeant will ever see one again, perhaps he'll recognize it.

GREAT AMERICAN GLORY HOLES



All penises posed by professional dildoes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN SCHREIBER

What means a *glory hole?*

A glory hole is an orifice drilled into the sides of a toilet stall, a hole with a diameter tailored to the girth of the average cock.

It is the ultimate appurtenance of faceless sex. The Ultimate Quickie.

Glory holes have long been a staple in the gay subculture. Recently, heteros have begun to adopt them as their own.

Always on the lookout for new kicks, CHERI recently dispatched a photographer-reporter team to investigate and rate the ten most degenerate Glory Hole locations in the country.

The following is their secret report.

***Mens room, HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING, Washington,** D.C.* **T. Gross Acheson (left), a legislative assistant to Rep. Buford Pandor (D-Miss.) at $162,000 a year, and Betty Jean Lupica, $47,000-a-year secretary to Sen. Buncombe Pimperman (R-N.H.), conduct office hours 9-5 daily in the third floor johnny of the House of Ill-Repute. Pictured between them is J. Jonas Ripov, lobbyist for the Tuna Industry's Dolphin Destruction Bill.**

Mens room, TWO-TAILED TOMCAT PLAYHOUSE, Lincoln, Nebraska. Until March, the Tomcat was an all-male movie theatre called "The One-Eyed Worm" which ran such epics as *I Was A Leather Janitor* and *All The President's Boys.* Now it features the pornie classics: *Deep Armpits, Behind The Green Discharge,* and *Last Bump In Boston,* running continuously and without intermission. Also running continuously and without interruption in the john downstairs are two Cornhusker coeds, Merle Monroe and Tisa Tittle, pictured here.

Mens room, TAILWAYS BUS STATION, Witchunter, Kansas. A favorite watering spot for local postal inspectors (who gather here to swap copies of *Screw* and tell dirty war stories), this bus terminal features hot-and-cold running farmer's daughters who'll cornhole you with fresh-off-the-stalk corn.

Mens room, NEWARK CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Newark, N.J. Being a hotbed of culture and learning, the NCOM's regular Friday night concerts draw heavily on the tux-and-spats crowd—as well as a few gangbanging nymphos who man the glory holes in the second-floor latrine. Lulu and Felicia here made over $75 in ten minutes during the intermission of Donnie and Marie's now-legendary Wagner recital in 1975.

Mens room, STUDENT UNION, ANAL ROBBINS UNIVERSITY, Tulsa, Oklahoma. **Luci Lamoor got her training in both religion and sex at Billy Bo Bogus's university in Texas, but had to depart suddenly after Billy Bo. Now, the deprogrammed ex-Moonie does her thing (putting out for the Pentecost) at Anal Robbins's campus in Tulsa. immaculately conceiving a child that looked like the shitting image of**

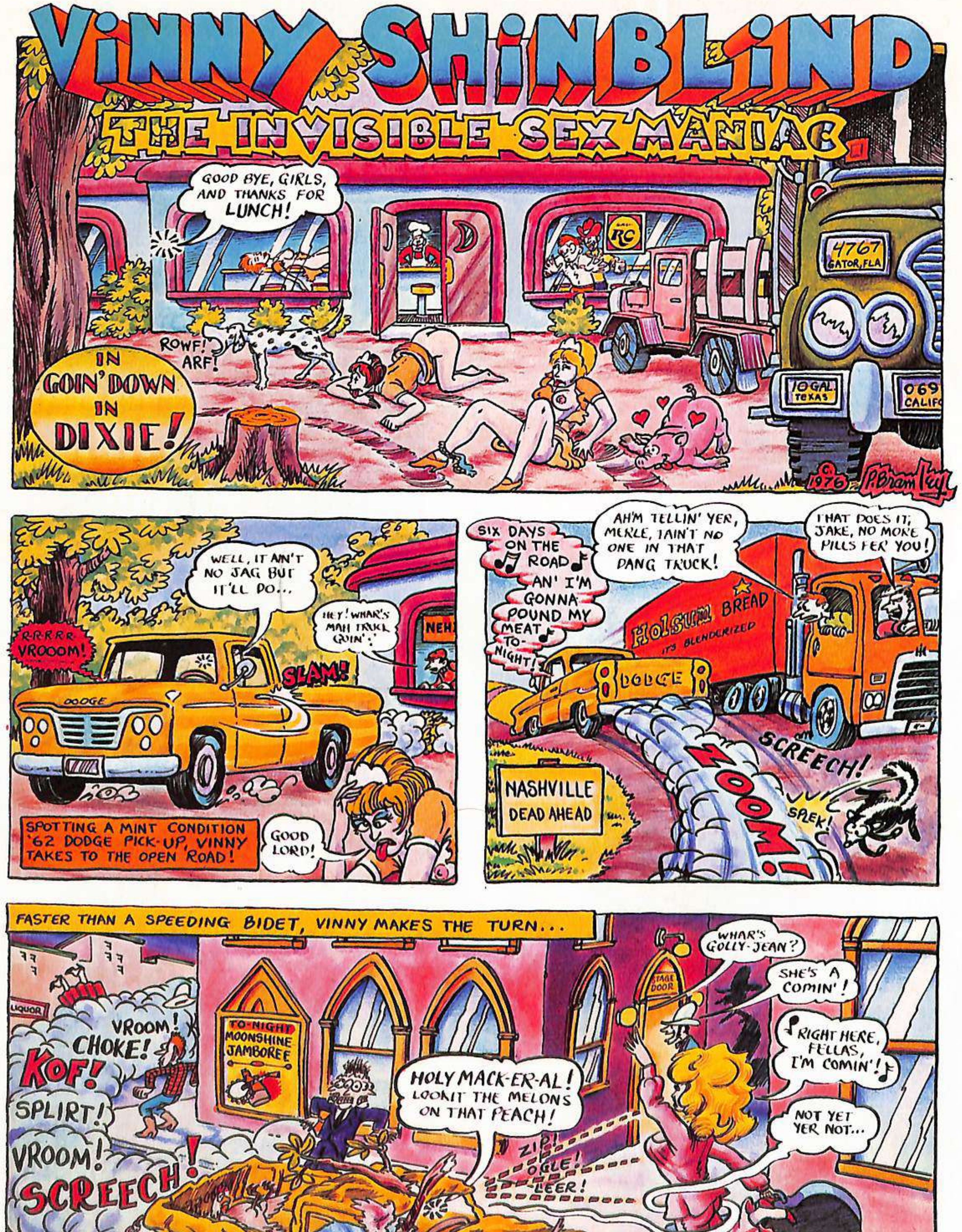
Officers head, **FT. EDWIN WALKER**, *Ashville, N.C.* General Bull Testes (right) is one of the regulars at Nurse Velma Bellingford's little concession at the officer's larry near Ft. Bill's PX. She is a former star of stage, TV, and training films.

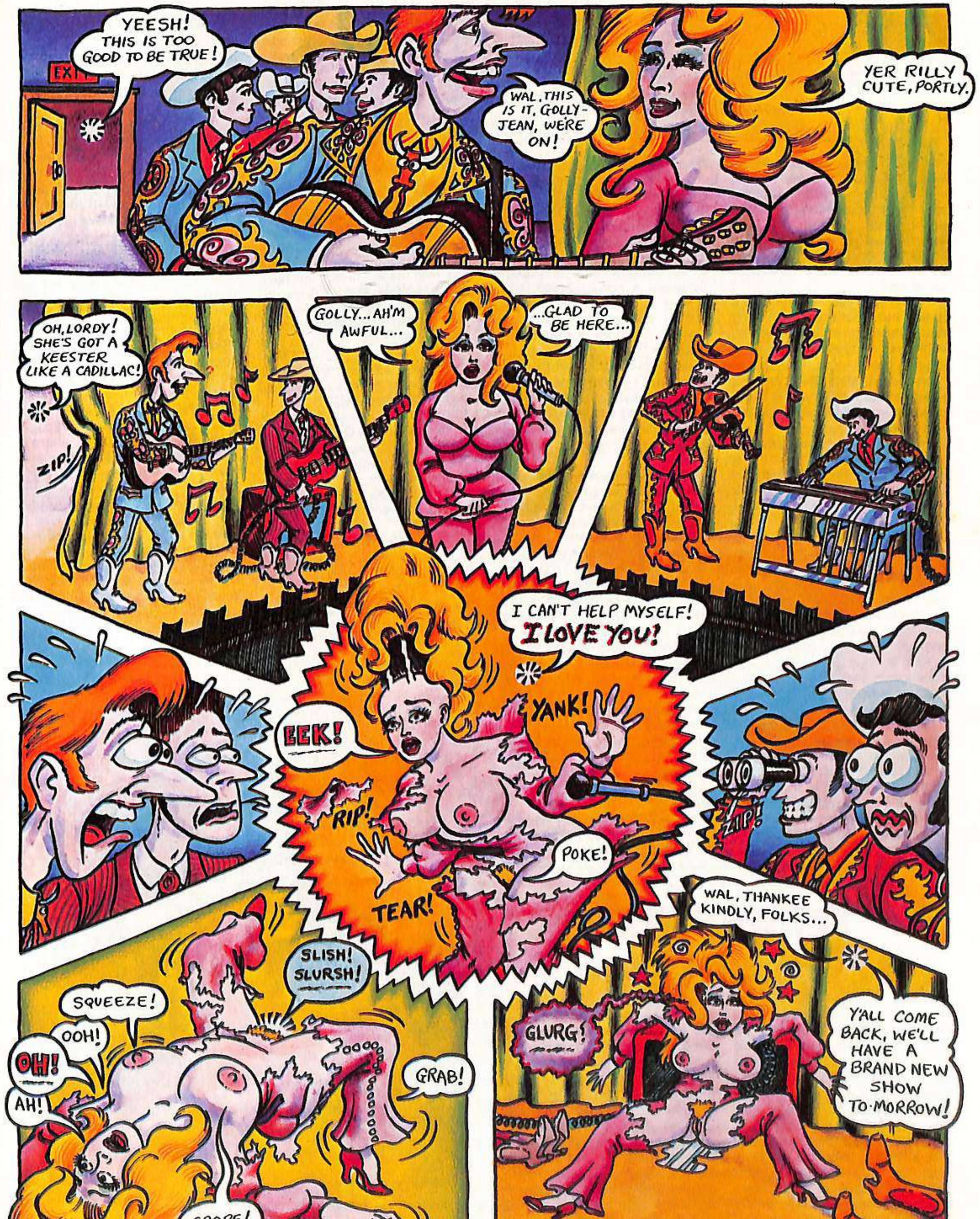
Mens room, upper deck, STIGER STADIUM, Detroit, Michigan. Probably the most notorious of jockdom's glory holes can be found here in Motown, where the action runs year-round (Tigers in summer, Lions in the fall) and the local special is called the Edsel a handjob given with a mixture of Prestene and QuackerState.

Mens room, THE CHERI BUILDING, Tijuana, Mexico. Circulation director, Cherimarie Olsen, and food editor, Cherianne Johnson, offer suggestions to Corporate President, Jerrold R. Cherry during a board meeting in the 32nd floor men's room of the luxurious Cheri Building & Health Spa in beautiful downtown Tijuana.

WE ARE INTERESTED IN YOUR FAVORITE LOCAL GLORY HOLE SITES

READERS ARE INVITED TO SEND PICTURES OR LOCATIONS


VINNY SHINBLIND
THE INVISIBLE SEX MANIAC
GOOD BYE, GIRLS, AND THANKS FOR LUNCH!
RC
4767 GATOR, FLA
ROWF! ARF!
IN GOIN' DOWN IN DIXIE!
10 GAL. TEXAS
069 CALIF
© 1976 P.Bramley
WELL, IT AIN'T NO JAG BUT IT'LL DO...
R-R-R-R-R VROOOM!
SLAM!
HEY! WHAR'S MAH TRUCK GOIN'.
NEHI
DODGE
SPOTTING A MINT CONDITION '62 DODGE PICK-UP, VINNY TAKES TO THE OPEN ROAD!
GOOD LORD!
SIX DAYS ON THE ROAD AN' I'M GONNA POUND MY MEAT TO-NIGHT!
AH'M TELLIN' YER, MERLE, TAIN'T NO ONE IN THAT DANG TRUCK!
THAT DOES IT, JAKE, NO MORE PILLS FER YOU!
HOLSUM BREAD IT'S BLENDERIZED
DODGE
NASHVILLE DEAD AHEAD
ZOOM!
SCREECH!
SPLEK!
FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BIDET, VINNY MAKES THE TURN...
LIQUOR
VROOM!
CHOKE!
KOF!
SPLIRT!
VROOM!
SCREECH!
TO-NIGHT MOONSHINE JAMBOREE
STAGE DOOR
WHAR'S GOLLY-JEAN?
SHE'S A COMIN'!
RIGHT HERE, FELLAS, I'M COMIN'!
HOLY MACK-ER-AL! LOOKIT THE MELONS ON THAT PEACH!
NOT YET YER NOT...
ZIP! OGLE! LEER!


EXIT
YEESH! THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
WAL, THIS IS IT, GOLLY-JEAN, WE'RE ON!
YER RILLY CUTE, PORTLY.
OH, LORDY! SHE'S GOT A KEESTER LIKE A CADILLAC!
ZIP!
GOLLY... AH'M AWFUL...
...GLAD TO BE HERE...
I CAN'T HELP MYSELF! I LOVE YOU!
EEK!
YANK!
RIP!
POKE!
TEAR!
ZIP!
WAL, THANKEE KINDLY, FOLKS...
SQUEEZE!
SLISH! SLURSH!
OOH!
OH!
AH!
GRAB!
GROPE! SLURP!
GLURG!
Y'ALL COME BACK, WE'LL HAVE A BRAND NEW SHOW TO-MORROW!

BIBLE BELT

(Continued from page 78)

OCELOT: Middle-class, white, white collar workers are typical.

JODY: I might have assumed that, but I didn't want to be presumptuous. Would you say they're local or out-of-towners?

OCELOT: Oh, fifty-fifty.

JODY: Do any black men ever show up?

OCELOT: Oh yes, I've had black dates. But most black men can't really afford the situation—it's an economic thing.Sometimes I see young black men looking around downtown. But I have a policy of not dating young black *or* white men—I mean under 30.

JODY: Why is that?

OCELOT: Well, sometimes I suppose they could be a great date—but I've had trouble in the past. They're a lot harder to cope with and there's the question of venereal disease . . .

JODY: Yeah, a young guy could probably find a gal to fulfill those needs.

OCELOT: And the typical comment from a young guy is, it's not worth it—why should I pay for it?

JODY: Oh yeah. What do you think of the pimp situation here in KC? In New York, I can spot them a mile away—and I'm nearsighted! Now someone told me, very well known in the field, that you can find them in the area of 29th and Prospect—a lot of black pimps and black hookers. Is that fact or fallacy?

OCELOT: I've heard the same thing, but I really couldn't tell you. Pimps, there's not an organized, controlled situation here, it's more of a sharing thing. It's more of a love, or friendship . . . on an intimate basis. Even a marital relationship.

JODY: Let's talk about your brush with the law . . .

OCELOT: I was sentenced to 180 days for soliciting, but it's into appeal now, and we're going to make a constitutional issue out of it. The solicitation ordinance violates the freedom of speech, freedom of association, freedom from cruel and unusual punishment, and freedom of privacy—which is an implied constitutional right. My lawyer is Peter Sterling of the ACLU. Marcia Walsh originally took the case and wrote the excellent brief for it.

JODY: Another question—what has your profession done to your social life? Helped it? Hurt it? How do you feel about men, in general, now?

OCELOT: I have a better opinion of them now than I did a year ago. I can see them more objectively. To generalize—I think society's put men on a head trip, and I can see, deep down, the contempt that men have for women. Sometimes I find this very hard to deal with. But, on the other hand, maybe I have a good enough opinion of myself now that I can transcend that. I can deal with myself as a woman now, and that doesn't bother me.

JODY: In other words, you own self-respect has increased so much in the last vear that your self-awareness has developed?

OCELOT: Yeah, it seems that for a woman, there's always been this great division society tries to impose between a lady and a whore. Of course, I've crossed over completely to the other side. I no longer have to worry about being a lady—I can be a *woman* now.

JODY: Lady . . . whore . . . the true woman is everything. Don't you think?

OCELOT: Oh yes, we're all a mixture of the good and the bad. To me, "a lady" is a euphemism for a can of tomatoes, a can of peas—a vegetable. Everything I've ever heard about the lady, the stereotype, just turns me off.

JODY: Like those Restoration plays in England at the end of the 19th century . . .

OCELOT: The 16th. Oh yes, they had a very sarcastic attitude toward women in those comedies that I can appreciate.

JODY: The tremendous amount of hypocrisy that was shown up in those plays! They were so far in advance of the Victorian era, which came much later. What are your plans for the future? Have you thought that much ahead?

OCELOT: I'll probably go back to school and try and get an advanced degree.

JODY: Yeah, basically, you're still a youngster.

OCELOT: Oh, I wouldn't say that. I'm 23.

JODY: Have you ever thought of making an erotic film? I don't like to use the term 'porn.' I'm an actress—I like sex, and so I do sex films if I like the script. You're a pretty girl, you have a nice figure. Have you ever considered that?

OCELOT: This may sound pretty weird to you—it does to everybody—but believe it or not, I'm very shy.

JODY: Most actors and actressess do have shy streaks. We're a combination. That's why acting is frequently a catharsis. Most people who know me consider me anything but shy. I'm considered very open, somewhat aggressive . . . I took the assertive woman test recently, and decided, I *am* assertive. But I had to *learn* this. I have a very strong shy streak in me. I was recognized at the Radio Shack where I went to buy tapes for this interview, and now I'll probably switch to another store. I had to sign autographs for everybody there. I'm shy in the sense that I love to appreciate my fans, but I don't want to be confronted and have to be just perfect every time I turn around. Sometimes it's scary to be out in the limelight.

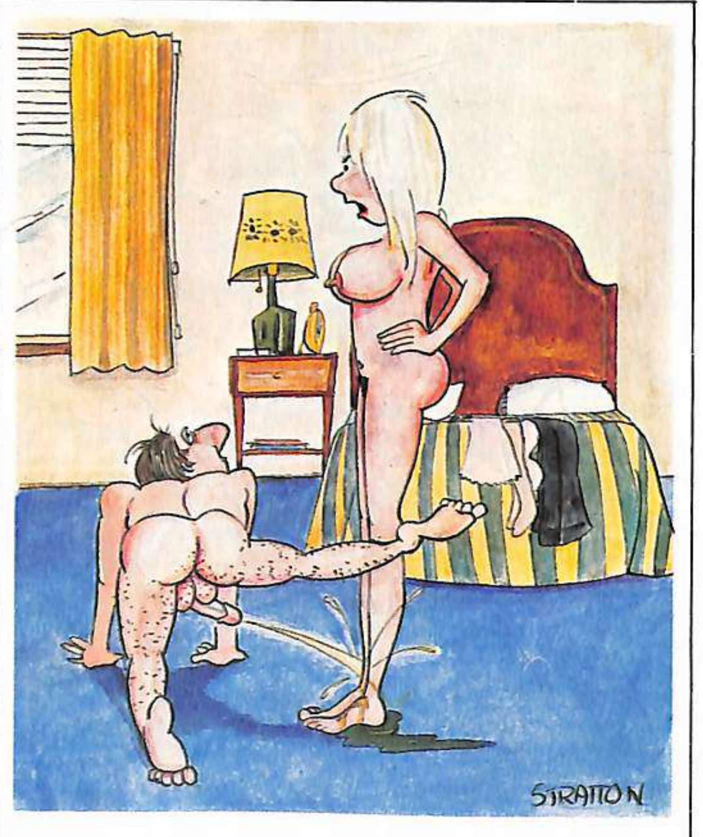
(Continued on page 94)

FETISHDOM'S

(Continued from page 70)

innocence of his vocation no one would ever question. So it was with enormous relief tat he confessed his true motivation to Camilla. Even in ponytail and turned-down white anklets Camilla could hardly be mistaken for an eight year old. But she did give the Englishman the opportunity to play-act. After a lifetime of deprivation, his fantasy had finally planted herself firmly on top of his chest. The conflict was gone, the fundamental conflict of the fetishist, that is, of needing something you can't have, either because you are too ashamed to go out and find it or because society is keeping careful tabs on your heart throbs—eight year olds with vicelike thigh muscles being a case in point.

[CHERI readers are invited to correspond with Camilla. Bear in mind that she charges for her service. Write Camilla, c/o Stanton Archives, P.O. Box 163, Gracie Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10028.]



"That's just great, Mervin, but it's not exactly what I meant by 'doggie-style'. . . ."

Better than sex.

Nature created sex. Technology improved it.
What you've experienced up to now is just the beginning.

Just watching it move will turn you on.

The World's first and only vibrator to move up and down. **Temptation** is a dual action delight. Switch on, and its softly cushioned rubber vibrates purringly. Push the switch to the **second** position and it begins a straight up-and-down movement extending and contracting with smooth power. An exquisitely sensual experience beyond description or imagination. Measures: 1½" in dia. 7" long and thrusts to a full 7¾". **$19.95** CODE 184

HAPPY TOPS

They will top off your favorite vibrator—finger—or anything hard and firm! Their soft, rubbery, stretchy tips will excite and arouse you. We send them to you with 3 differently styled tops with a 1" flexible opening—2" wide, 3' high in assorted colors. 3 for **$5.95** CODE 622, 12 for **$17.95** CODE 630

Sexual stimulants from nature.

These capsules are formed from completely safe natural substances. They contain Vitamin E, the vitamin most often associated with increased sex drive, Ginseng, the oriental root legendary for arousing erotic passion, and many exotic herbs. If you're looking for more stimulation in your love life, use these caps and see why people swear by them. Only **$5.95,** CODE 747

Lustfinger

It's a Japanese discovery that's over 2000 years old. With nearly one hundred tingly ticklers of soft latex rubber, it makes you the master of any woman you want. Put it on your finger and they'll squirm and writhe in sheer delight. Comes two in a pack in black and red. **$5.95** CODE 439

Softens the nipples and more...

This fragrant cream will keep her entire breast as well as her nipples soft, smooth, and kissable. Excellent on any area where stretch marks are a problem. Nipple Creme will keep her delicate tissues youthful and make her whole body so touchable you'll want to leave your fingerprints all over her. Only **$3.95,** CODE 754

It lasts longer with Dr. Richard's Ring.

Possibly THE BEST DEVICE YET produced for maintaining an erection. This simple, medically designed and approved device gives you heightened pleasure and greater staying power.
Will fit all sizes and the pressure can be adjusted to suit the individual.

$9.95 CODE 308

FRENCH TICKLER TOPS

Pictured here are 2 of 14 assorted tingly tipped French sleeves for you or your vibrator. The soft, sensuous fingers will massage your body and the tops will tickle your fancy no matter where your fancy is located. Made of soft, reinforced rubber each one is 5" x 1¼". You can have these 2 for **$9.95,** CODE 721 or all 14 for **$59.95,** CODE 739

They'll call you Mister Big.

Easy to use—it's a simple vanishing cream. Tested and proven that a small amount will give you the most fabulous erection you ever had. Makes your erection last longer. You'll go for two to three times a night. **$4.95** (14 day supply) CODE 601

You'll never want any other.

Super Stud has dual controls. One sliding switch controls speed—you can have it vibrate with the toughness you desire or the gentleness you require. The second sliding switch controls thrust—yes! Super Stud will thrust up and down and rotate round and round. Extends to a full 7¾". It does much more than a finger, as much as the real thing.
The ULTIMATE vibrator.
$24.95 CODE 457

Suction like you've never had it.

Introducing the world's first SUCK vibrator ever produced. It moves up and down, extending and contracting smoothly, without a sound, lifting you to the highest level of sexual fulfillment. In the privacy of your own home, office or anywhere you go,you can be stimulated, exhilarated and aroused by this cunning device. **$39.95** CODE 712

The pleasure of coming together.

For the high performance man! Love longer and stronger. Amaze your partners with your virility and staying power. The application of this remarkable cream to the head and the whole shaft of the penis, will desensitize the nerve zones of the skin surface enabling you to extend your lovemaking capabilities. Overcome your pre-ejaculation problems, maintain your erection, time your explosion to match the orgasm of your partners.
1/2 oz. **$4.99** CODE 800
11/8 oz. **$8.00** CODE No. 800 A

Every man's dream comes true with Linda.

The maiden who never says no. She's always ready and never satisfied. Linda is realistic in every way—beautiful big open mouth, full breasts and soft inviting parts from the front and back, always ready and willing to make your wildest fantasies come true, plus a miniature power pack to control the intensity of the tingling, vibrating sensations. Linda is almost better than the real thing! **$39.95** CODE 305

How to pick up more girls.

Inside every man there's a girl-catcher screaming to get out. But how many times have you let her escape—into a train . . . out of a bar . . . WHY WOMEN ARE DYING TO MEET YOU • WORLD'S GREATEST PICK-UP TECHNIQUE • HOW TO GET WOMEN TO APPROACH YOU
A total guide to seduction plus interviews with beautiful girls who tell you in their own words just what it takes to pick them up. **$4.95** CODE 128

HOW TO PICK UP MORE GIRLS

NEW

Free with every order.

1 free with every order. 12 free with every order over $30.

EROTIC ERASER TIPS. Use it as an eraser or a pointer. Put it on your finger and use it to give directions or turn pages. As a gag, it's light years past rubber spiders. It puts a smile onto everyone's face. They'll all want one of their own (eraser envy). Get yours now! Packed 12 to a bag. **$5.95** CODE 762

HARMONY PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 35 • Plainview, N.Y. 11803

CODE NO.	CODE NO.	CODE NO.	CODE NO.

Please rush me the items I have ordered above. I have enclosed my check or money order to cover the cost of the items ordered plus $.75 for each item ordered to cover the cost of mailing and handling. Please enter my free subscription to the Harmony New Products Survey. I am over 18 years of age. (New York Residents add applicable sales tax).

☐ My order is over $30.00. Please send my 12 free erotic eraser tips.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________ Zip__________

Signature X__________

Sign your name as it appears on credit card.

Interbank No. Exp. Date

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Canadian residents send orders to Harmony, P.O.B. 7050, Sta. A, Montreal, Quebec H3C3L4.

HP-124

If coupon is removed, please send order to: Harmony Products, 501 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.
HP-124

BIBLE BELT

(Continued from page 92)

But life is role playing. And acting is a catharsis for many shy people . . . even erotic films.

OCELOT: This will sound even funnier, but I'm shy even about my body. Sometimes, you know, we'll be requested to double date—where three or four men will want two girls to do a show, and I could never do that. The same way I could never become a go-go dancer. Even with what I do, I don't feel I'm a sex object, and when I watch a go-go dancer, as a spectator, and see the men drool over them and hear the nasty remarks they make. I really feel for them.

JODY: So, you're not an exhibitionist. Some of those girls like that, though?

OCELOT: I'm not saying there's anything wrong with that—that's their bag.

JODY: I'm saying some of them like to be sex objects, drooled over. Face it, they haven't found their womanhood yet. I personally feel that the body, with its defects, is a beautiful thing.

I, ANNIE SPRINKLE

(Continued from page 30)

sex can be hazardous to your mental health and is highly addictive. If used in large doses it can cause lack of ambition, loneliness, flabby brain muscles, depression, not to mention V.D., crabs and a sore pussy.

I decided to kick the habit cold turkey. No more sex until I'm good and ready.

I had decided to spend a few weeks vacation in Trinidad and Tobago, carefully budgeting my money to $15 a day, then return to New York to start college. College will give me the discipline to get my brain muscles back in shape.

I have presently gone 48 days without sex (masturbation not included of course) and I feel like a new person. I really miss the fun and excitement of doing porno films, and I do miss all the easy money I was making in massage parlors, and of course all the dynamite orgasms. But I think it will all be worth it when I find a special man to love, honor and obey (not necessarily marry). Hot shit, *he better watch out!*

Lots of luck with your great new magazine. I enjoyed jerking off to it!

Sincerely,
Annie Sprinkle

RELUCTANT RAPIST

(Continued from page 72)

A cigarette later we were dressed and the car was back on the city streets.

"Please don't think ill of me," she said.

"Oh no," I assured her. "How could I? You were helpless."

She smiled humbly.

"In fact," I continued. "You've shown me how shallow my life has been. Let me end my career by returning your money."

"Save it for the operation. Not that you need it. But maybe the operation will give you the confidence you need."

She let me off near the hospital. I cried and she cried. Yep, she was just like all the others. What I do, I do well. It's not much of a living but it's a great life.

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

(Continued from page 29)

Several of these were obviously photos taken in the 1950's. I was clued in by the backgrounds and the hairdo's of the models. The others were printed from scratched and dirty negatives which leads me to believe that somebody over in the photo processing department of this company cleverly prints the old negatives that people send them for developing and then sends them as "personalized" photos.

That's not exactly my cup of tea! So watch out for these scabs. See you next month . . . •

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 58)

houseboat and was, allegedly, quoted prices for various "fun" activities including sexual intercourse. A few days later, the agent returned. After supposedly paying the masseuse for sex, the agent arrested the 22-year-old woman and alerted waiting water patrol officers. The 19-year-old pilot was also arrested.

With the impoundment of the boat, the successful operation ceased. See you soon, and don't forget to write.

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

(Continued from page 27)

pleasure of washing and kissing your feet. Men with fantasies are more devoted, more honest, more open, more dedicated to one woman, than any macho man I have ever met.

In such a person one finds all those characteristics which will make for an ideal slave if properly trained and directed by a concerned and empathetic mistress. In my next column I hope to describe the methods a sensitive mistress will employ to achieve the point of mutual satisfaction and fulfillment for both slave and mistress.

***

The mail brought this letter to our Mistress Roseanne:

"Dear Mistress Roseanne:

"Six of us couples have an S/M club [in Cincinnati, Ohio] and all of our husbands are slaves. Someone suggested we have every girl respond to a topic and send it to you. The topic was:

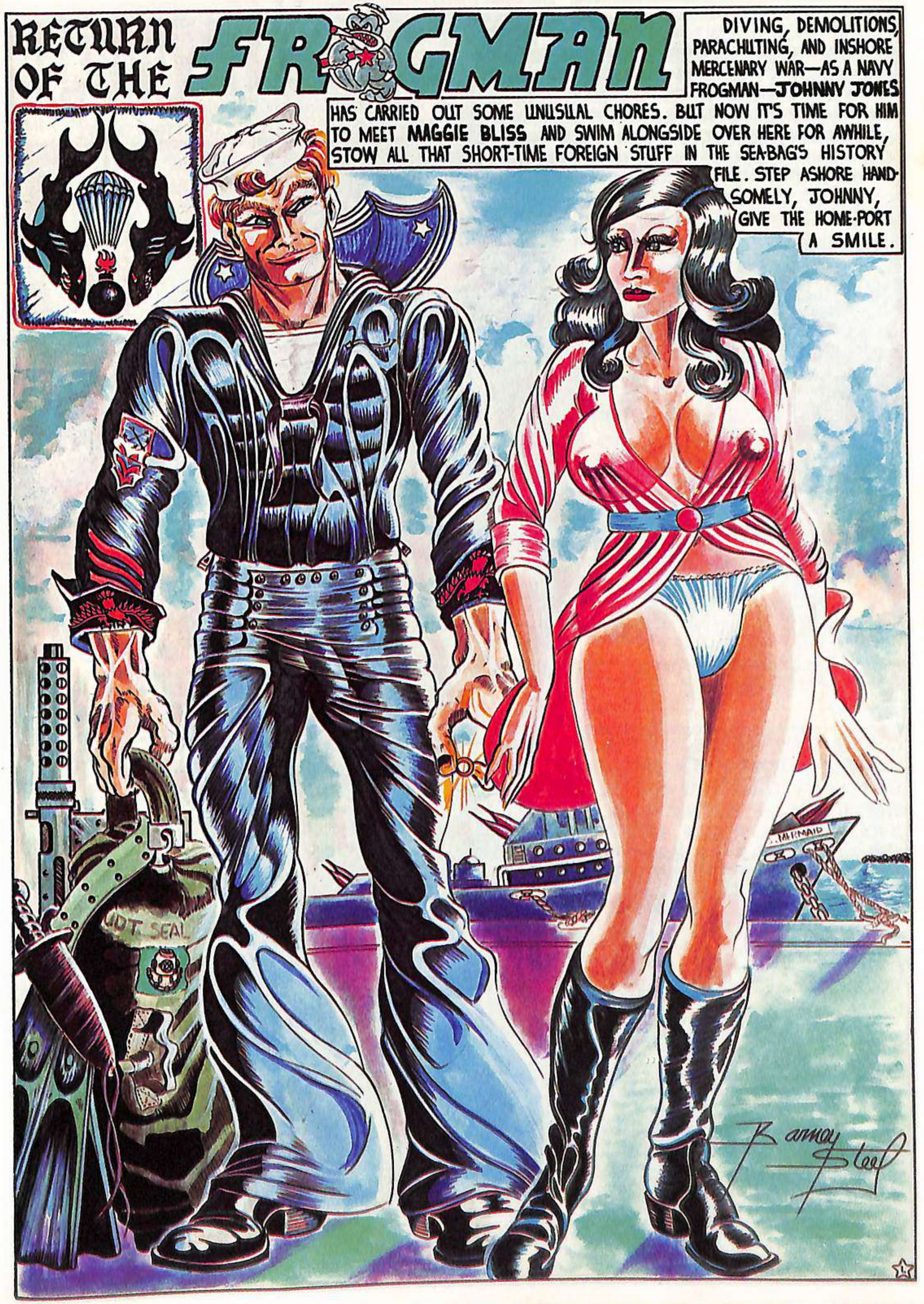
"If you officially introduced your husband to slavery on your wedding night, what did you do?' Here's the response:

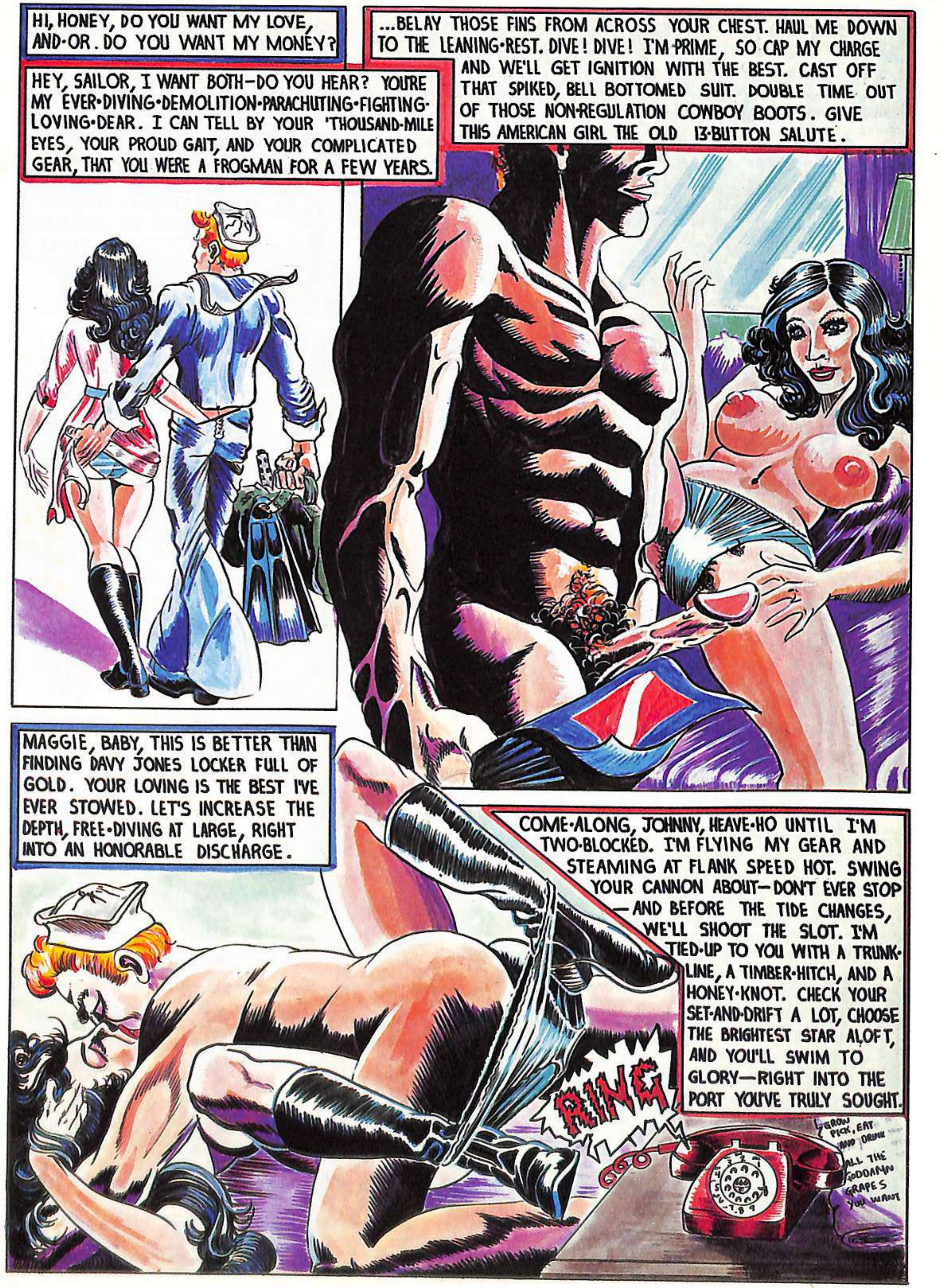
"'My husband was thoroughly paddled and made to clean my shoes with his tongue, as a preliminary. Then he was tied spread-eagle on the bed, stretched tight by wires on wrists and ankles, and ordered to keep it tall and hard for eight hours, the only exception being ten minutes after each ejaculation. I straddled him on my knees and had him eat cunt for at least 30 minutes at a time without pause. For variety, I would have him lick my asshole. Then I'd mount his cock from above and pinch and pull his nipples while I rode him hard, commanding him not to come without permission.

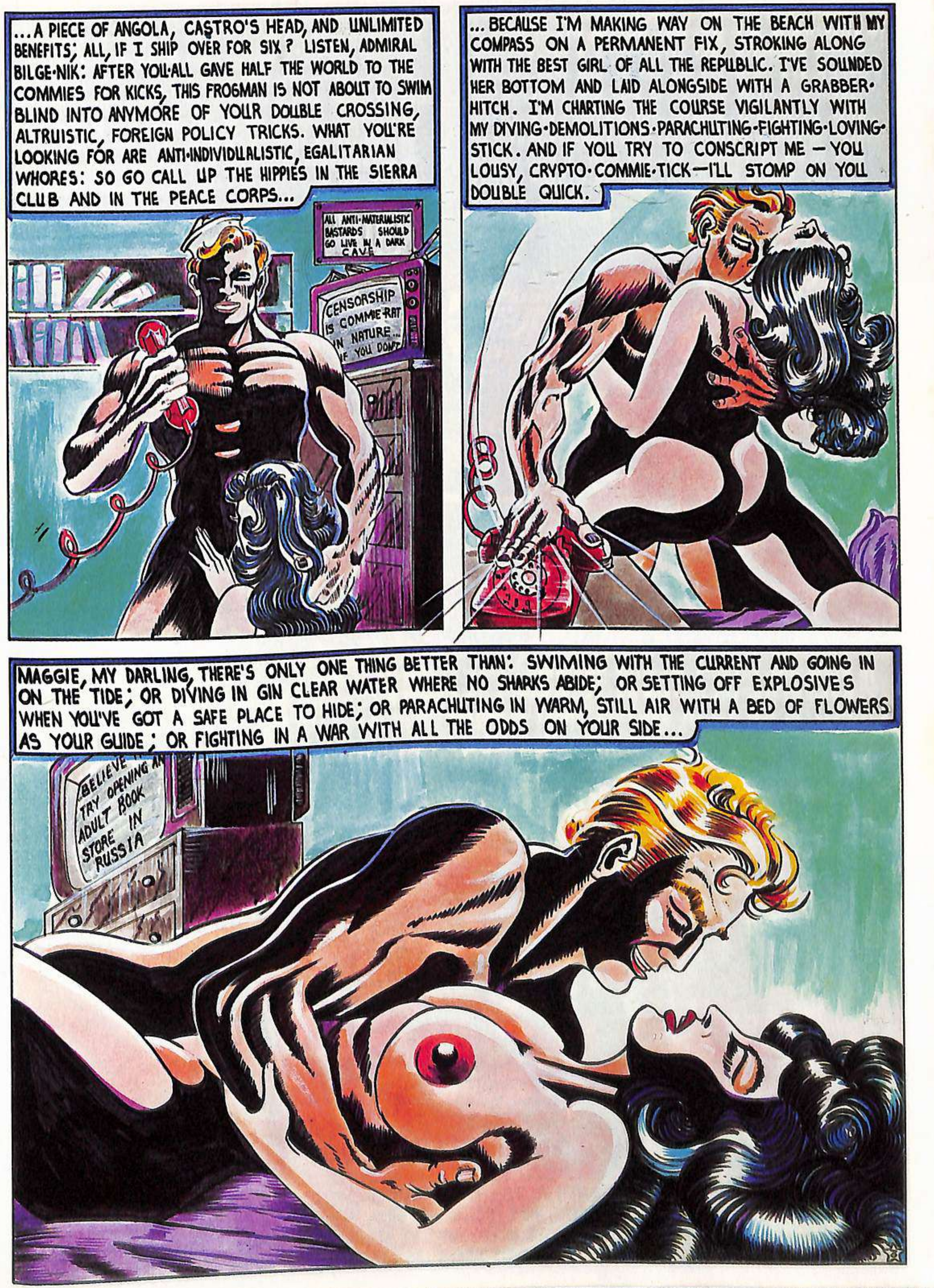
"'I'd take a break every two hours or so and have a cigarette, and he'd lie with his mouth open so I had an ashtray. I touched the cigarette to him a few times, knowing he wanted to pull away but couldn't, and stubbed it out on his body, after gagging him.

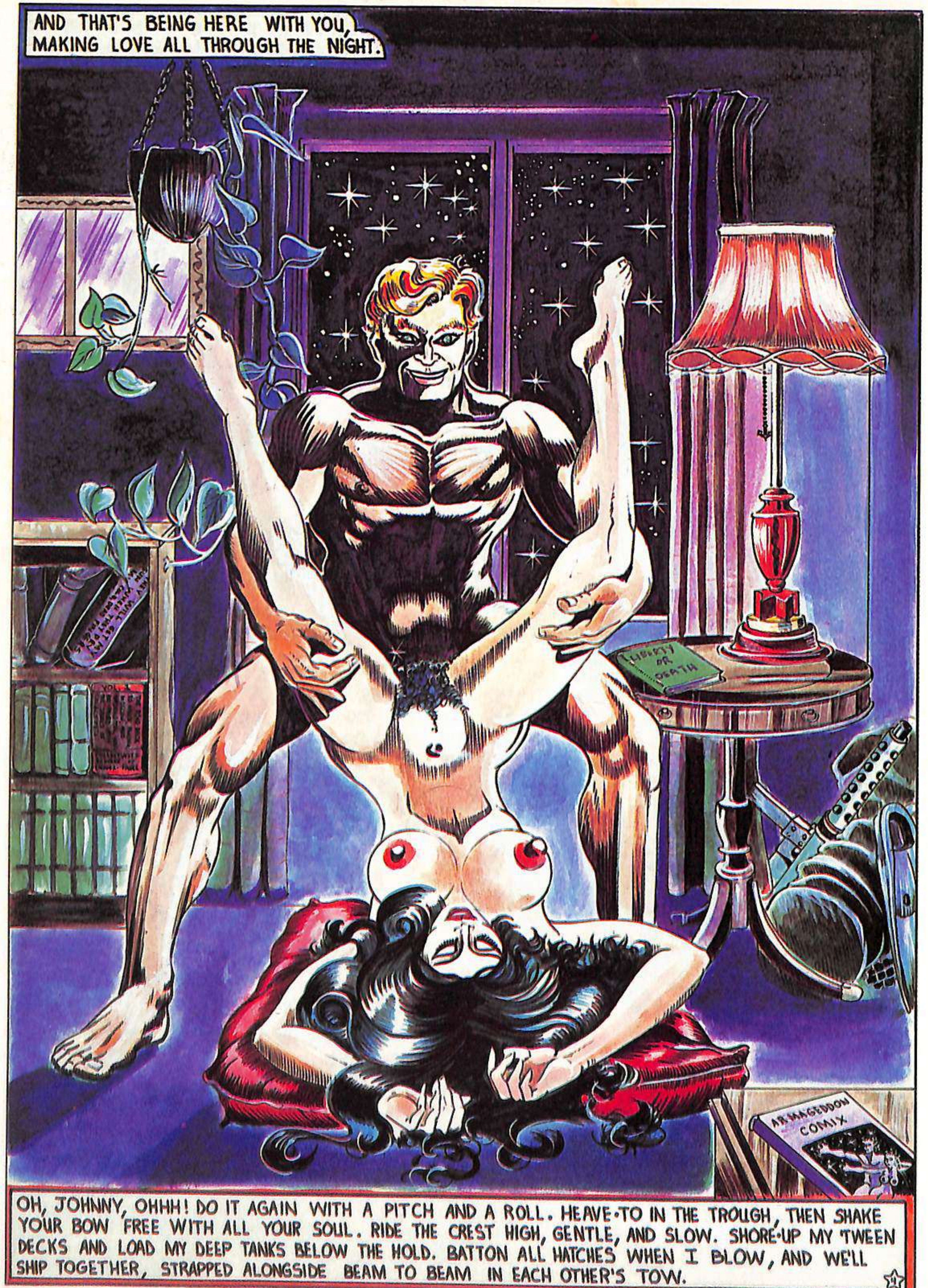
"'He did real well for five hours. Then he was slow getting it up again so I gagged him, used a whip on his inner thighs until tears ran from his eyes. I settled down between his legs and squeezed his balls a while, then used my hairbrush on his cock. He got it up again real fast!

"'He really faltered in the last hour, so I spent 45 minutes punishing his cock and balls. Then I released him and made him crawl across the floor to me, kiss my feet, and thank me for treating him so kindly. Ms. L.G.'" See you next month. •


RETURN OF THE FROGMAN
DIVING, DEMOLITIONS, PARACHUTING, AND INSHORE MERCENARY WAR—AS A NAVY FROGMAN—JOHNNY JONES HAS CARRIED OUT SOME UNUSUAL CHORES. BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO MEET MAGGIE BLISS AND SWIM ALONGSIDE OVER HERE FOR AWHILE, STOW ALL THAT SHORT-TIME FOREIGN STUFF IN THE SEA-BAG'S HISTORY FILE. STEP ASHORE HANDSOMELY, JOHNNY, GIVE THE HOME-PORT A SMILE.
UDT SEAL
MERMAID
Barney Steel


HI, HONEY, DO YOU WANT MY LOVE, AND·OR. DO YOU WANT MY MONEY?
...BELAY THOSE FINS FROM ACROSS YOUR CHEST. HAUL ME DOWN TO THE LEANING·REST. DIVE! DIVE! I'M PRIME, SO CAP MY CHARGE AND WE'LL GET IGNITION WITH THE BEST. CAST OFF THAT SPIKED, BELL BOTTOMED SUIT. DOUBLE TIME OUT OF THOSE NON·REGULATION COWBOY BOOTS. GIVE THIS AMERICAN GIRL THE OLD 13·BUTTON SALUTE.
HEY, SAILOR, I WANT BOTH—DO YOU HEAR? YOU'RE MY EVER·DIVING·DEMOLITION·PARACHUTING·FIGHTING·LOVING·DEAR. I CAN TELL BY YOUR 'THOUSAND·MILE EYES, YOUR PROUD GAIT, AND YOUR COMPLICATED GEAR, THAT YOU WERE A FROGMAN FOR A FEW YEARS.
MAGGIE, BABY, THIS IS BETTER THAN FINDING DAVY JONES LOCKER FULL OF GOLD. YOUR LOVING IS THE BEST I'VE EVER STOWED. LET'S INCREASE THE DEPTH, FREE·DIVING AT LARGE, RIGHT INTO AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE.
COME·ALONG, JOHNNY, HEAVE·HO UNTIL I'M TWO·BLOCKED. I'M FLYING MY GEAR AND STEAMING AT FLANK SPEED HOT. SWING YOUR CANNON ABOUT—DON'T EVER STOP—AND BEFORE THE TIDE CHANGES, WE'LL SHOOT THE SLOT. I'M TIED·UP TO YOU WITH A TRUNK·LINE, A TIMBER·HITCH, AND A HONEY·KNOT. CHECK YOUR SET·AND·DRIFT A LOT, CHOOSE THE BRIGHTEST STAR ALOFT, AND YOU'LL SWIM TO GLORY—RIGHT INTO THE PORT YOU'VE TRULY SOUGHT.
RING
GROW PICK, EAT AND DRINK ALL THE GODDAMN GRAPES YOU WANT


...A PIECE OF ANGOLA, CASTRO'S HEAD, AND UNLIMITED BENEFITS; ALL, IF I SHIP OVER FOR SIX? LISTEN, ADMIRAL BILGE·NIK: AFTER YOU·ALL GAVE HALF THE WORLD TO THE COMMIES FOR KICKS, THIS FROGMAN IS NOT ABOUT TO SWIM BLIND INTO ANYMORE OF YOUR DOUBLE CROSSING, ALTRUISTIC, FOREIGN POLICY TRICKS. WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ARE ANTI·INDIVIDUALISTIC, EGALITARIAN WHORES: SO GO CALL UP THE HIPPIES IN THE SIERRA CLUB AND IN THE PEACE CORPS...
ALL ANTI·MATERIALISTIC BASTARDS SHOULD GO LIVE IN A DARK CAVE
CENSORSHIP IS COMMIE·RAT IN NATURE... IF YOU DON'T
... BECAUSE I'M MAKING WAY ON THE BEACH WITH MY COMPASS ON A PERMANENT FIX, STROKING ALONG WITH THE BEST GIRL OF ALL THE REPUBLIC. I'VE SOUNDED HER BOTTOM AND LAID ALONGSIDE WITH A GRABBER·HITCH. I'M CHARTING THE COURSE VIGILANTLY WITH MY DIVING·DEMOLITIONS·PARACHUTING·FIGHTING·LOVING·STICK. AND IF YOU TRY TO CONSCRIPT ME — YOU LOUSY, CRYPTO·COMMIE·TICK—I'LL STOMP ON YOU DOUBLE QUICK.
MAGGIE, MY DARLING, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING BETTER THAN: SWIMING WITH THE CURRENT AND GOING IN ON THE TIDE; OR DIVING IN GIN CLEAR WATER WHERE NO SHARKS ABIDE; OR SETTING OFF EXPLOSIVES WHEN YOU'VE GOT A SAFE PLACE TO HIDE; OR PARACHUTING IN WARM, STILL AIR WITH A BED OF FLOWERS AS YOUR GUIDE; OR FIGHTING IN A WAR WITH ALL THE ODDS ON YOUR SIDE...
BELIEVE TRY OPENING AN ADULT BOOK STORE IN RUSSIA


AND THAT'S BEING HERE WITH YOU, MAKING LOVE ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.
LIBERTY OR DEATH
ARMAGEDDON COMIX
OH, JOHNNY, OHHH! DO IT AGAIN WITH A PITCH AND A ROLL. HEAVE-TO IN THE TROUGH, THEN SHAKE YOUR BOW FREE WITH ALL YOUR SOUL. RIDE THE CREST HIGH, GENTLE, AND SLOW. SHORE-UP MY 'TWEEN DECKS AND LOAD MY DEEP TANKS BELOW THE HOLD. BATTON ALL HATCHES WHEN I BLOW, AND WE'LL SHIP TOGETHER, STRAPPED ALONGSIDE BEAM TO BEAM IN EACH OTHER'S TOW.

UP AND CUMMING

SALLIE JANES, SALLIE JANES: That *Mary Hartman* sex surrogate talks candidly about her life—as an actress *and* and a sex surrogate! . . . **WHORIN' THE STREETS OF HOUSTON:** Our own Liz Dean turns a few tricks on the streets of the Sodom of the Southwest. . . . **SHOULD KIDS FUCK?** A fascinating interview with a spokesman for the Guyon Society, torchbearer for the Kiddy-Sex Lib Movement. . . . **CASTING FOR CUNT ON CAMPUS:** What happens when X-film makers recruit coeds. . . . **HOMEGROWN COCKSUCKERS:** Entries from our $1000 blowjob contest. Incredible letters and photos from amateur throat experts.

MORE ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES: A new smorgasbrod by Pat Flint.

FROM SECRETARY TO SEX QUEEN: One girl's fleeting moment of glory.

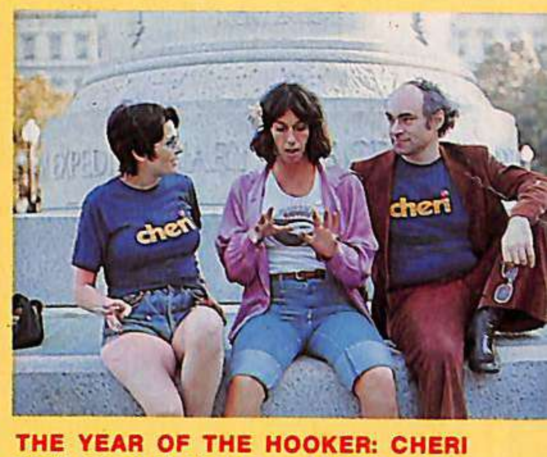
PRICK TRACY: Cunt-laden capers with the greatest dick of them all.

TWO WOMEN IN LUST: A brilliant aesthetic statement by Roberto Morrison.

THE CORPSE FUCKERS: The necrophilia of everyday life, interpreted by some great young artists.

SON OF A LUSTY LIMERICK: More dirty dithyrambs from the pen of the Great Isaac Asimov.

More Lecherous Limericks
By ISAAC ASIMOV


cheri
cheri

THE YEAR OF THE HOOKER: CHERI sends a team of reporters and photographers to investigate The Great Hooker Rebellion '76.

OF BEAVERS AND BICYCLE SEATS: A fleshy pedaler exposed.

ANOTHER GIRL

SHOCKING ENOUGH TO STOP A CLOCK!

A.

B.

A. The ***Penis Pattern*** will shock and delight you and your friends. So perfect in detail and symmetry, so soft and sensuous in color. You may cringe, but you'll love it!

B. Our ***Clitoral Kaleidoscope*** in blazing color. It is so clear and exact. Its beauty at first fools the eye, then boggles the mind!

C. Our ***Heavenly Body*** is twelve times as lovely and a total turn-on for telling time.

C.

You've looked once, now look again. Friends will admire its beauty—but watch their faces as the true image dawns on them! An all-time turn-on. An all-time conversation piece.

The amazing art of ***symmegraphics*** makes these gorgeous sex-wall clocks possible. The finest clockworks guarantee accuracy for a full year on one simple "C" cell battery. That's right, no ugly wires to mar their beauty. A big 8"X8", adjustable speed for continued accuracy, convenient rear wall hook. Perfect for game room, den or bedroom wall. A gift idea no one will ever forget! Sure to become erotic classics. Just $30 — POSTAGE AND HANDLING INCLUDED! (Add $3 postage outside the USA and Canada). IF YOUR CLOCK DOES NOT ARRIVE IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER, JUST RETURN WITHIN TEN DAYS FOR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL!

D.

PERSONALIZED — send in any photo: your face, body, pet, or any part thereof and we will make a symmegraphic clock just for you. *Absolutely no censorship!* Just add $5 to the price (total: $35) and it's yours.

Swank Merchandising Dept. **CH 976**
717 Fifth Ave. NY, NY 10022

Sorry, No COD

You're crazy, but I love it, so rush me my:

A. Penis Pattern ______	$30	C. Heavenly Body ______	$30
B. Clitoral Kaleidoscope ______	$30	D. Personalized ______	$35
Total Enclosed $______		Photo Enclosed	

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______________